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Our Man in the Comoro Islands

Contracted by Allstate ad for Sand 9.



Jon Bradshaw

Contributing editor Jon Bradshaw is a journalist cast in the mold of the romantic adventurer. He has written reports for us from many hot spots all over the world about such modern warriors as the youth gangs in New York's South Bronx ("Savage Skiffs," June 1977) and Germany's Baader-Meinhof gang ("A Dream of Terror," July 18, 1978). When it was reported last May that a coup d'état had taken place in the Comoro Islands, Bradshaw was one of the few people around who not only knew where the Comoros were located (in the Indian Ocean) but was acquainted with the coup's leader, Robert Denard. Bradshaw's account of the French mercenary's Comoro caper, "The Man Who Would Be King," begins on page 54.

Bradshaw first met Denard in 1946 in Libreville, Gabon, which, because of its large air base, had become the launching pad of French and British support into nearby Biafra. With the war in the Congo recently over and the situation in Biafra heating up, Libreville (a base of French secret services) was a likely place for soldiers seeking fortune to hole up. One of the biggest names from the war in the Congo, Maj Michel Hoare (an Irish accountant from Dublin), "a brilliant [Biafran], was there, as was Rolf Steiner, a German who was to gain notoriety in the Biafran war, and, of course, Robert Denard—the madman for the mercenaries in Frederick Forsyth's novel *The Dogs of War*. Bradshaw was then writing for *Look* magazine's *Worldwide* section. He met Denard, and he confesses, "gave me some romantic tendencies, consorting with all these people."

Bradshaw, who believes that "West Africa is one of the few places left in the world where it's possible to avoid such exported Americans as Howard Johnson's," continued to follow the African exploits of Denard and the others over the years. He recalls attending a dinner in November 1971, given in Johannesburg by Maj Mike Hoare, who had become head of the Wild Geese, a group of some 200 Belgian, British, South African, and Rhodesian mercenaries. The occasion was the tenth anniversary of the taking of South-

ville in the Congolese war—"the last of the great mercenary wars," says Bradshaw. The invitation read at the bottom: "Dinner jacket. Medal. Gun."

To track down details of the most recent chapter in Denard's life, Bradshaw first flew to Paris, which, along with London, is known internationally as a primary recruiting center for mercenaries. "I talked with ex-mercenaries and prominent members of the extreme left- and right-wing press," reports Bradshaw, "particularly members of the fascist Right, because Denard is a hero in their press. And I had clandestine meetings with members of the French secret services with whom I knew Denard was allied." Four months after the coup, Bradshaw arrived in the Comoros, where Denard was living out his reign as commander. "Denard refused to see me the first ten days I was there," says Bradshaw. "So, I hung out with his subordinate officers, mostly in bars and brothels—the usual dull life one lives in such places—particularly in a bar called La Rose Noire (so be warned, should you go there). Three days before I left, Denard summoned me to his office, where we had a long talk, and he informed me he had to leave the islands. Denard is a very odd Giscard with colorful charm. But he was a defeated man—the dream that he had, that is, to be king, had come to naught."

To get down details of the coup, Bradshaw also interviewed members of Denard's army who had already left the Comoros, including the colorful French mercenary Caracassonne, who had been with Denard in his unsuccessful coup in Benin in 1977 as well as in the coup in the Comoros. "Caracassonne is a large man," says Bradshaw. "He makes Arnold Schwarzenegger look like a pygmy."

According to Bradshaw, Denard is now dividing his time between Boederux and West Africa's Gabon, where he'll pursue the policy of conquest and creating dirty tricks for the French secret services—although Denard may not look at it that way. "I hate the word 'mercenary.' I prefer to be called a missionary," Denard says. Bradshaw predicts: "Take any former French colony with what France deems a 'progressive' government or in which France has an economic interest and there will be another coup. And almost certainly the man behind that coup will be Robert Denard." —

Photograph by Lutz Mehl

Letters

The Sound and the Fury

The Roots of Roots

Esquire would object if anyone said that the magazine is "made" by the book that finances it or by the renowned that distributes it. For the same reason, we object to the headline "Bradford Stoddard Made a Messier Called Roots" (February 13).

To put it simply: The understated, as executive producer and producer, made both *Roots* and *Roots: The Next Generation* with the help of some 500 other members of the cast and crew. Mr. Stoddard, in his role as vice-president of ABC-TV, gave us support—critical, financial, intellectual, and practical—which was as welcome as it is rare.

David L. Wolper
Stan Margulies
Wynneirros
Barbark, Calif.

We're Not All "Real Americans"

I'd be ever so much more comfortable had Mr. Crews ("A Day at the Dogfights," February 27) told us that after the dogs had finished each other off in the ring, the breeders and "sports fans" were ushered in to follow suit. Perhaps the philosophy that evil will destroy itself would be demonstrated.

Truth in reporting should be accompanied with truth in illustration. The beautiful painting of the pit bull, some scars, is a myth and only seen in those arenas whose owners keep this breed for their beauty and temperament, dogs that consequently have never fought in their lives.

Jan Brown
Cincinnati, Ohio

How unfortunate that a fellow "real American" prevented Harry Crews from witnessing the exciting climax to his revered blood-sport setting. And how ironic that while the valiant "thrust dog" was losing his fight, Crews was being decapitated by a cheap throat slit cowardly designed by the legendary soldier "an enormous man" using "what felt like brass knuckles." I find it positively fitting, though, that Crews's real-life injuries included, in all likelihood, a red neck.

Gene Brandon
Tulsa, Calif.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Esquire Foreignly, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



For color reproduction of this Turkey, see page 100. For the full story, see page 100.

Wild Turkey Lore:

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Full Disclosure

by Dan Dorfman

Arabian Nightmare

Will mounting troubles in Saudi Arabia bring a Qaddafi to power?

Just about everybody is worried about the oil flow from Iran. The shock and wonder factor out, we supply 15 percent of our oil needs and 10 percent of our exports. But perhaps we ought to worry more about another, even more important Persian Gulf resident: Saudi Arabia, the world's largest oil-exporting nation. The Saudis, after all, feed us today double the Iranian output—9 percent of our requirements and 14 percent of our exports. More important, they supply 17 percent of the world's oil (which enriched Saudi coffers with \$16.5 billion in revenues last year).

Now, though, there are ominous signs of instability in Saudi Arabia that give us Washington and London serious pause.

If the vital oil flow from Saudi Arabia were to be jeopardized or cut off, oil prices would break loose. Oil shortages would spring up almost everywhere. Petroleum prices would shoot up even more drastically, adding sharply to the growing oil famine and balance-of-payments problems around the world. Economic dislocations would be widespread. And in such a crisis atmosphere, sources say, one could not rule out U.S. military intervention in the Middle East.

It is not suggesting, of course, that any of this is about to happen. I've sent a disclaimer—but just in case to this.

There are rising and bitter divisions within the Saudi royal family, headed by brothers King Khalid and Crown Prince Fahd. Heightened among these divisions are the newly crowned Saudis not with the United States but led for a military base in Saudi Arabia was recently rejected; the growing pressure from more militant Arab elements to act as a wedge (especially as it relates to U.S. deals with Israel); and the personal political ambitions of some family members. There are even reports that some of the royal family, shaken by Iran, are trying to save their own skins at the expense of others by quickly recognizing new Middle Eastern leaders in Syria, Iraq, and elsewhere. In the midst of all this disarray—and largely because of it—the family is reportedly having problems making hard decisions, weakening the country's unity.

See Dorfman's report on the situation and financial crisis to come next.



Core is last King Khalid and Crown Prince Fahd.



Saudi gold. Our oil lifeline is in jeopardy.

across it has always been the strength of the Saudi monarchy.

Recently I got so bad, sources say, that King Khalid's personal adviser, Kamal Adnan, the principal liaison between Saudi and the royal family, resigned and disappeared himself from the king. One oil-company insider is convinced that the Saudi adviser feared assassination from anti-elite elements who are convinced over Saudi support of Egypt.

Other disturbing developments:

- Growing encroachment of Saudi Arabia by Soviet-backed and radical regimes, such as Afghanistan, Iraq, Iran, South Yemen, and Ethiopia.
- The little-known defections of a per-

son commander and thirty-seven soldiers, who refused last month to obey government orders to quell anti-royal riots, including strikes, in the western city of Dhahran. That town, one of the most important in Saudi Arabia, is a leading center for refineries and military installations. The thirty-eight men fled the country and were granted political asylum in Iran.

□ Increased lawlessness, smuggling—a lot of it—into the hands of Saudi insurgents. London tells us that one member of the royal family knew about the smuggling and may have profited from it.

Adding to the anxiety of the royal family is the unsettling fact that over 50 percent of the workers in the Saudi oil fields, and perhaps as many as 60 percent, are foreigners. And the bulk of these are Palestinians, Pakistanis, and Yemenis, many of whom, according to reports, are members of Marxist and Islamic groups and are fiercely antiestablishment.

As one source with Saudi connections put it: "Look at that country today and you see parallels with Iran as it was viewed the beginning of 1978—when President Carter declared Iran as an island of stability in the Muslim U.S. influence has disintegrated badly in Saudi Arabia, the monarchy there is fearful that Russia has found the potential for an eventual subversion, and what we're talking about is another revolution in the making."

A few members of U.S. Midwest business are thinking along the same lines. And this is not just American paranoia. Take the nation of Oman, another Persian Gulf petrostate who has pro-Soviet South Yemen as his country's ally. Oman is especially important, not because of its economy but because 40 percent of the world's oil tankers stop by its shores. Two years ago, Oman put down a civil war—thanks, in large measure, to military help from the state of Iran. But the state's gain, and the safety of Oman, favorably disposed to the long rule of the Saudi royal family now that the shah has departed the scene, is clearly worried. The Italian recently razed up the crumbling Arabian beachhead the way "My explanation is that a Qaddafi-type leader [Muhammad al-Qaddafi] is the best man for radical Libya could emerge in Saudi Arabia."

Full Disclosure, Continued: Fantastic Sam, the \$10-Million Barber

When Ross made it north the morning of June 17, 1970, he was on top of the world. The son of a bookie and the grandson of a lion shark—Ross had barely made a pit in his career—he had just won a \$100,000 prize participating in a contest in Stargate, Dryden, a small, ill-famed resort community off Lake Michigan. Ross had won was \$2.5 million, well-mad prize he was only thirty-eight. A lucky man who made six deer two inches tall, the grapples Ross had a baby soon after he got home. He had a son, a daughter and two more, all of whom were born small and lowly, collected and and vaccinated three months a year ahead. But then came the afternoon of June 17. While visiting a shopping center, Ross suddenly fell to the ground, struck down by a massive coronary. The words from his doctor were: If you don't get out of here in the next 24 hours, you're a major danger and will die.

Was left over at Harrogate? For a while, Ross may have thought so. After six months of recuperation in a local hospital he dutifully packed his bags and went off to Memphis (where he had a few friends). But boredom quickly set in, and Ross decided to become a barber "because they don't work hard." After seven months of schooling, he got his license and in early 1932 started his new career in a small suburban barbershop in Memphis.

That should have ended Ross's tumultuous period of many millions. Instead, it developed into a second and even more successful career—the building of a rapidly swelling chain of franchised family hardware shops called *Fantasia Sam's*. And this enterprise, in just over three years, enabled Ross to balloon his net worth to close to \$10 million.

Daily reports that others—whose names were not given—were among the 125 women in wearing-eye status, with a new eye opening every five days—might never have got off the ground had not been for an argument Koss had with the owner of the Marquette hairdressing shop, where he worked (it happened in July 1974). Koss had just finished giving a boy a hair harvest. His mother (let's) say that she asked him for the same thing. She snatched. His boss, (stunned) that Koss had cut a woman's hair, yelled at him. This led to every angry word, promising, Sam to ask what it would take to buy the shop. ("Five thousand dollars," he was told. Koss calmly walked over to his jacket, pulled out his checkbook, and wrote the astonished owner a check for the full amount.)

The next day, the Yorkshire Farmer Shop became the first Farmers' Store, offering bargains for the more handy. Washing machines were offered, coffee, beds were given a handful of bubble gum. Some were

to containers, and business secured. Then came expansion. "I wake up one morning and realized I had an idea that could go anywhere in the world — so I decided to franchise," Ross said.

The first franchised unit (also in Missouri) opened in January 1976. Others quickly followed, with the average new restaurant opening in 1980. The number of units of about 3,000-500 (the industry norm is 510-800). At the end of the past July 31 fiscal year, there were eighty-seven Panera Bread units, largely in the central and south-eastern states (such as Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, and Florida). And those units, combined with home-produced sales of \$800,000, produced a total volume for the parent company, 83M Enterprises, of \$30 million. The parent profits—largely from 6 percent of the franchisee's gross sales and a \$10,000 franchising fee—was about \$2.1 million. The Bread '74 got \$30 million in volume from 145 units.

Obviously, Pirra's Steel's must be doing something right, since its repeat business, about 83.5 percent, is running well ahead of the industry norm of 47.5 percent. Why so successful? Kous's strategy

—An aggressive ad campaign—featuring data mining—aimed at the kids. “If you can bring in the kids, you’ve got the family growth—the grown-up trade—too.”



Source: *Survey of the World's Major Religions*, 2004, p. 214.

juste d'un côté et de l'autre.¹² Bose explains

— The strutting of a fan atmosphere—such as nicknaming the barbers Robin Hood, Snooty, and Yo-Yo in large placards in front of the leather chairs and putting out free rows to the beds.

—Hiring top style-aware hairdressers who average \$20,000 a year plus, in salary alone, at Fantastic Sam's.

If you think Funtastic Shirts is giving away haircuts, think again. The shop's not cheap. For example, the average child's haircut runs \$3 (34¢ styler). And adult cuts average \$4 (\$44 styled). The average sales clerk runs even higher—\$11.50.

The enthusiastic Ross has set his sights on 600 units in five years. Plans are being studied for openings in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York, and Ross is hoping to add franchised units soon at the blurring rate of one every three days.

That's a major chore, especially for an ambitious exec who's been told to move Bet Koss, who primarily directs operations (although he recently snopped up the bathroom of a new unit in Lafayette, Louisiana), into the "I'm like a kid in a toy store, an iPhone and never so relaxed."

Still, there's no getting away from that heart attack of his. They will kill an estimated 550,000 Americans this year.

Kass's reaction: "I'll be goddamned if I can understand anyone with a lifetime of knowledge making himself out to be naive."

and waiting for death. You need self-respect, and this means doing something or achieving something."

Ross has definite views about life after a heart attack. "That's the time to finally do your own thing," he tells me, "whether it's gardening, chasing birds, drinking, or, like me, being a workaholic. Nobody knows the appointed hour of death, and if you put that out of your mind, you start living again and become stronger."

The story begins posing a riddle: "A philosopher says apples, but sells us, to people who suddenly find themselves out of a job the month that one friend was let go by Kodak." Kluft is the age of *furry-flur* and was deeply depressed about his future. Ron's advice to him: Utilize your knowledge of cheese and open a cheese store. The next day it, opening a retail outlet in Manhattan called *The Big Cheese* & has become a success. There are now two of them, and it may be finished. Another theory: an employee of a "cheese" company. After 10 years, Williams was boosted after many years of service. At Ron's suggestion, he opened a pizza and wallpaper store, and, says Ron, "It's doing fabulously."

How will Rome's health hold up in the face of his ambitious goals? An associate claims Rome desperately needs the surgery. "The day Sam stops running around, worrying and growing, is the day he'll be dead again," he says.

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 They Disappear in Seconds. SHIRT
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To make good Scotch, the whiskies comprising the blend are aged then blended together. To make Cutty Sark the whiskies are aged, blended together and then returned to cask to "marry" for up to a year and a half longer. And only then bottled. This contributes to Cutty Sark's unusually well-rounded taste.

One sip and you will discover that Cutty Sark, like its label, is truly an original.

Pleasure Island

The mystique of Mustique in the wake of Princess Margaret

PRINCESS MARGARET, at Yvonne, as she is referred to by insiders, was not amused. Her career was blown, a fourth estate spy had infiltrated her favorite beach plans, and she could already see the headlines of the gutter press. Worse, the cheeky maid was offering to take her to a (cheap) ride.

"Farewell is not fitting with me," said Yvonne Dempsey, England's most prominent and self-promoting gossip columnist. "He asked me to drive you."

When this happened, the princess had been married for thirteen years. She and her distinctive photographer-husband, Lord Snowden, were loved with much other and were enjoying various, colorful lives. He counted the Earl of Lichfield, better known in the fashion world as "I am a cunnie of the queen but you stay out of my pence," best mate. He loved her and a group of her friends to Mustique, the tiny private Caribbean island owned by Colin Tennant, a well-known Scottish nobleman. The quiet and unhappy sonnet by her uncle, Kenneth Lindsay, was dashed. His photographic career was not exactly suffering because of the island. It was a perfect wrap in a perfect setting. Now this "thing"—the princess—had them up.

But worse was yet to come. As Dempsey drove the princess to the beach, where a moonlight party was in progress, he began speaking about the responsible, her interest in Lichfield. And while the British princesses chafed from his also moved a hand upon her royal thigh. It was too much. She was silent, but her look told him, "Don't forget who I am and where we are." Dempsey, never at a loss for words, blamed the Windy Isles' immorality.

Tali Thompson is a London-based correspondent and author.



and the hungry maid. They drove on to the beach without further incident.

It was perhaps not coincidental that soon after, the career of society woman Mustique began to unravel. A scandal magazine printed the story about the Mustique crowd, the British upper crust unchained. Yvonne's indiscretions and flirtations with younger members of the opposite sex were well known to Jack Kennedy, while Buckingham Palace was, to say the least, appalled. In the meantime, word spread among island folk and more than one ladyship decided that the island was the place to go with her own lover. Noblest abode.

Mustique owed its development as the Caribbean playground for the rich and the royal to Colin Tennant, son of Lord Oliver Tennant. It was an economic decay married to Lady Anne, the daughter of the

Earl of Leicester. He was a silk unicorn and large Pouter, but it is God's best and it is known for his terrible temper tantrums. As if that, too, he also has a sharp eye for her.

Mustique is a tiny West Indian island, three miles long and one mile wide. It is not widely known to the outside world, except that most of the Caribbean. Tennant bought it outright for a modest \$100,000 in 1959. The place came with 160 natives and an eighteenth-century plantation house.

Tennant's first move was a smart one. He gave a cheap piece of land to the queen of England's quarrelsome younger sister in a wedding present. In those days, any asset that attracted the "Princess Margaret" set (soon long since defunct) was bound to become a snob's paradise, and more important—real estate value would skyrocket.

Actually, Tennant was not the only entrepreneur to realize the drawing power of the Sandcastle. While promoting his and, undoubtedly, and artificial heart of Coos Smead, Karen Agn Kline made full use of Princess Margaret, even though she rarely visited her snob, the late Duke of Windsor, or blowouts on the drive when picking up a date.

Because of its remoteness and accessibility, the blue rose island set over on foot on Mustique. The masters were people like Tennessee Capote, Shakti Yamas, Paul Newman, Marlene Dietrich, Ronald Reagan, and Richard Gere. Later, but not least, were Mick and Bianca Jagger, during those lovely days when Bianca preferred the company of the British perestroika to Studio 54 types and Helen.

The British contingent, which produced, indeed, the heritage (the Guinness), the late designer Oliver Messel (in the mode of Tom Sawyer) had the men who

designed the house built on the island, Patrick Lichfield, the Glasnost, and Lady Virginia Rye.

In fact, back then Lady Virginia was no much a trend setter as Princess Margaret. She was the first member of the British peerage to go native. After her late, beloved husband, Pops Royce, died of a heart ailment at thirty-six, Virginia moved to Mustique and found solace in the arms of the island's most famous resident after its early teacher the local stud.

This was Basil, a six-foot-four-inch, well-muscled, chocolate-skinned local who came and ran the only bar on the island, Basil's. Lady Royce changed to domesticated Basil, but she never lost her self and her children and moving Basil in with his children. Basil had the reputation of being a difficult man to get down despite the fact that he had served a large majority of visiting dignitaries, so Lady Virginia's accomplishment was no mean feat.

Such was Basil's reputation for seduction that when he was observed shuffling up Princess Margaret, the queen herself was reported to have remarked: "Which did you stop Oliver Messel from remarking that 'yet again, the British Empire started its downward spiral and now we're quite possibly over the top'?" (Lady Royce was also not without. She spent a day evening with Shakti Yamas on his yacht, and that

drive the message home. Basil graciously bowed out, thus paving the way for Rocky Llewellyn.)

By the late seventies, Mustique had become synonymous with Princess Margaret and Rocky. He is an effie young man, more at home with queens than princesses but nevertheless in Yvonne's favorite. When the overnight aging princess was photographed with the effie young man almost twenty years his junior, every newspaper in the world ran the compromising picture and mentioned Mustique. The two had come for Colin Tennant to cash in. He sold out to a businessman of Venezuela and Caribbean descent.

They were no slaves either, where princesses were concerned. The Messing Company was created, building plans were drawn up, and—gradually—Princess Margaret's services were sold as independent duty for the St. Vincent Christmas (which includes Mustique) approach.

A glossy brochure is now circulating around Fifth, Park, and Madison avenues, not to mention Easton Square, Avenue Foch, and Beverly Hills. The selling of Mustique makes the selling of Mustique but year a newsworthy by comparison. Not surprisingly, Shirley Porter Barret, the woman house that sold all of the Royal children of Mustique, is rumored to be selling Mustique plots, even though when it called on them, they refused to

notate. Nevertheless, the chief assistant of Mustique real estate works out of Sotheby's offices on Madison Avenue, and when I called and asked for Simon Alexander, the well-known operator did not even a hint. Alexander is the son of the well-known. He is the son of World War II fame, and is among the world's most sought-after realtors. He is not missed by the new Mustique owners.

What Mustique became an asphalt jungle, like Monte Carlo, or a plastic imitation of an Italian village, like Porto Cervo? The answer is no. There is no golf course, no sailing, no country club, and only one hotel, yet the plans drawn do not indicate an attempt to convert this by overdevelopment. They show only that 120 houses are to be built within the next few years. The price asked—about \$500,000 for its own of land—includes a service, almost confidence. In five years, there will be no emergency left in England if the labor unions can help it. And in view of the fact that the island is a unique scene world. Features more readily than the plague of the fourteenth century, chaos are that group elements will also be satisfied by then. Thus Mustique will probably revert to its former state—as island escape, but a chosen few and off the beaten path, where both Yvonne and Rocky get treated like queens. ☐

Certified Inferiority

A high school dud by any other name is still a dud

Some of you may have been as ignorant as I was about competency testing in our high schools. I always assumed that standards these days were pretty low—that in order to accommodate the socially or ethnically underprivileged (despite numerous scholastic programs for the elimination of such inequalities), it had become far too easy to obtain a high school diploma. Only quite recently was I brought low to see that high school diplomas were being handed out to total incompetents (leading them to go on to college, where, upon out of unexpected thinkers or academic norms, they would be turned along in undervalued graduation) so that even our highest but educational authorities were obliged to take certain steps.

Florida and Arizona, a couple, are the only states in which a competency test in English and mathematics has for a couple of years been a prerequisite of graduation from high school. New initiatives states are proposing similar tests, or are planing in with greater or lesser delay. In New York, the test is to be a requirement by this June, and it has—shockingly, albeit unsurprisingly—elicited transatlantic opposition. Even though an ability test is a long distance from the five disciplines, it is being described as a threshold test for depriving countless (especially young) people from advancement in life. The *New York Times* of February 1, 1978, repeated in five-paragraph segments from the mark test. One may "Lead's status on three tests were 50, 30, and 22. What was Lora's average for the three tests?" There follow four answers from which to choose. In the same issue of the *Times*, we read about the high school students' taking a test, as which he couldn't solve the equation $2x + 3 = 18$. And after completing a course in algebra!

Although I have not seen the reading test, I can imagine what it must be like if it is the equivalent of the math test, in which another question reads: "On a map, if I march northeast 10 miles, how many miles will represent 30 miles?" The New York Board of Regents has set aside three days, from February 28 to March 2, for debate and voting on a proposal by Gordon M. Ambush, the state education commissioner.

The critic John Simon wrote a monthly column on English usage.



er, this "verification of achievement" be given those students who fail to pass the test and thus to obtain diplomas. Whereas these committees would probably not give you any college, they would tell potential employers that you have gone through all your high school courses. The attitude represents that of a student, quoted as the *Times*, who declared that he had intended school "to showcase and other things"—although even he seemed to realize the competency test until he passed it.

Some of the fellow members of the Board of Regents have already voiced their criticism. And Dr. Kenneth L. Clark (Cleveland, February 13) "We might as well give students' competence for long-term. Another signal who (and this is indicated) refused to be identified, commented: "It's a ridiculous recommendation. It's a cop-out to make the kids happy." The resolution would satisfy a student to continue getting free public education up to the age of twenty-one and keep trying to pass the competency test and earn a diploma. Particularly interesting is the attitude of Dr. Frank J. Marchionda, the New York City school chancellor. "The Commissioner appears to be responding to the need to treat children fairly. We should be concerned in challenging the system to do a better job rather than in frustrating the students." This is an almost Berkeley response, typical of all politically—or ideologically—oriented education: it is always the system, never the student, that is at fault in matters of effect. "Keep voting for me, folks, and I'll see to it that your children get ahead,

whether they deserve it or not!" And "keep paying tax money into education and coincidentally, into my salary."

It is especially instructive to note that even one of the regents who was just all opposed to the test is (obviously, not even) putting in this way. "The committee is a salute to professional educational interests, which do not want to confront their own failure in student performance." This is the typical blinding horse-blind position. Nothing is ever the state's fault; fault is in the quality of intention the system, that is to blame for any failure. Once again I am reminded of this great cartoon in *The Saturday Evening Post* of yesterday in which a psychiatrist tells his angry patient: "You don't have an evil neighbor, Miss Jones. You are inferior." Where are the good old days when such an idea could be expressed even as a joke in a popular magazine? Today, nobody is inferior in any way whatsoever.

And you have me, with roughly 15-20 percent of young Americans functionally illiterate and one out of three adult Americans (23 million people) a functional illiterate. This term "functional illiterate" means that although you are technically read and write, you cannot do it well enough to be a fully functioning member of our society. In other words, you cannot read and write and/or the weaknesses in a weakness yet and draw the correct inference. Yet even those frequently selected examples of functional illiteracy ought to point to an unacceptable condition. When

Illustration by Chas. H. Schaefer

ESQUIRE

F O R T N I G H T L Y

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Life in a Co-ed Animal House by James Lusk

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[illegible]

**MADE
FOR
EACH
OTHER**

Charles H. Wessels, Jr., Editor
 Chemical Abstracts, 555 North Zeeb Road
 Columbus, Ohio 43260-3336

The authors observe: "A college freshman was one of the power structure in this university and of his family. Brakes between the second and third social bringers of class and thought. *Blacky and whitey* are still available to those who wish to make race relations seem stretched. They are the *Handbuds* are some or otherwise. This world is full of greatness, *WASPs*, *clowns*, *dragons*, *foremen*, *New Lines*, and *Maxims*, all of these *smoking* or *resembling* the *books* who *close* nations and *that* they *may*. When *the* *sun* *smoked* during the *strategic* rebellion of 1968—and at view of the *knowing* under of the *seniority*—that our *colleges* and *universities* would *not* *move* from this *regulation* for a very, very long time, he was, if *anything*, *conscious* *that* *the*

Of course, neither will everything that flows by, how garbage collecting to eating, it is not only not needed, it may even be a hindrance. Besides, poisons are a heavy armor you as much Paul as the universal world, and there are still the moral and aesthetic works of your despair. And even if you are a flop in all three realms, there is still hope for you. Pessimism isn't intellectually inferior, instead of a certificate of incapacity, acquire a certificate of inferiority. You will put facts before something raw and more precious than gold, and wisdom. You will be honored by pathologists, liberals, reformers, positivists, power-mad politicians and academics—except even by high society. In short, you will have it made.

This year, our sporty little Pontiac Sundbird Coupe comes with more standard features than ever before, for less money! Based on a comparison of the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price of the '79 Sundbird Coupe with that of a comparably equipped '78 Sundbird Coupe (Priced higher in California and slightly more than last year.)

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ESQUIRE



Pepper Gomez, 34, hit the Aspen slopes 13 years ago.

The Ski Bum as an Endangered Species

He skis, drinks, dines, dances, and makes love with the rich and the famous. But the rich and the famous may be sending him the way of the whooping crane

by Jean Vallety

The first thing you notice about Pepper Gomez is his voice. It is raucous—deep, rich, definitive. Everyone tells him he should be in *Yankee* singing. Each Friday he hosts the hot dog sking contests and is known as the Voice of the Aspen Highlands. He has traveled around the country announcing some of the major contests. Pepper weighs 160 pounds and is five feet ten inches tall. A nose, shaped like a half-moon, takes up most of his right cheek (he was hit by a car when he was six), and another scar sprawls down his chin (he used to ride with a motorcycle gang, the Pagans, he looked handsome, rich, another bike and took a bad dump). His snowed-blind eyes dart from side to side when he talks. His looks are nice, mean, comical, sexy.

Pepper has traded in his cowboy hat for his ski instructor's

parka and swagger through the Base Lodge with confidence. Almost everyone knows Pepper and yells out to him as he passes by. The few that don't, study him. They sense he is someone.

The night crew has left an inches of powder, and Pepper, who likes to teach 5100-a-day private lessons (\$50 of that goes to the ski school, stays on his skin and heads for the lift. "Follow me," he yells as he skis to the side of the mountain and powder up to his thighs. "Stay in my tracks," he screams. Pepper can do. His strong body gently pushes the heavy snow around as if it were a cloud. He disappears into the trees. He reemerges, and his momentum is broken. His eyes sparkle impulsively as he lands out-of-bounds. Pepper is Buck's Bad Boy of the mountain and has been fired five times, mostly for pulling just such a stunt. One time he got caught in an avalanche and was pulled and tugged some 300 feet. Suddenly he's back, flies off a mogul, and glides, spread eagle, through the air. He trades laughing, and the next moment he is sliding down the mountain—backward. "You're doing like garbage," he yells. "Go for it. It doesn't hurt when you fall in

John Fiality is an Esquire. Fortunately, rising after who is based in California.

Illustration by John Allen

MARCH 1986/ESQUIRE 21

Pepper swaggers into the lodge. "I'm the greatest skier, the world's greatest lover."

powder." Yeah, but who about all these trees? Only users do on the open trails." He waves. "Gee, I love these moderns. But when you think you've got them beat they crush you and knock you on your ass, just to remind you who's boss."

Life in Aspen is a fantasy; everything there is a performance. Pepper is an actor playing a role. "I'll be exactly what you want, man," he says, bowing and affecting his most dramatic voice. "Yes, I am the golden god, the instructor with the female eye. I am the man you came to see. I'm the instructor who not only the greatest skier but the world's greatest lover. I know you've read the articles. Well, I'm here. I'm paid to enjoy life. I'm wherever you want me to be."

Ladies and gentlemen, meet Pepper Gomez, gladiator of instructor, ultimate lover, who also, drinks, drives trucks, makes love with the rich and famous. Pepper Gomez, who spends two weeks each spring in Mexico, travels all over the country, even in a private Lear Jet, gambles in Vegas, and is the most successful in any city he visits.

Ladies and gentlemen meet Pepper Gomez, the poor kid from Nashua, Massachusetts, who works in night as a prep cook at the bus Theatre, plants potatoes in the spring, runs the diner left in the winter, harvests potatoes in the fall, and can barely pay his rent. Pepper Gomez, who works a total of seven months and in his last year at Aspen made \$6,000. Sometimes girls making mistakes on Friday—even in Aspen. Pepper is having a hard time keeping up his fantasy life.

Eleven years ago Pepper Gomez had had it with the East Coast. It was as if some invisible machine had attached itself to him and was slowly sapping the juices that made Pepper Pepper. Each morning he got up and drove to his job at the telephone company in Washington, D.C. Now he hated this drive, bumper-to-bumper traffic, all these defeated faces, reflecting that same color. And how he hated his job. Life had been in the telephone company for two years, and in the Army for three years before that. At least in the Army he had been a member of The Old Guard and served in John F. Kennedy's funeral. That was special. Pepper had even been interviewed on a local television station in Boston that now he was just another phone man. And his marriage was falling up.

For five years people had been telling Pepper Gomez what to do, and Pepper Gomez had never been good at taking orders. The only thing keeping him going was skiing. Each weekend he would strap his skis on top of his car, head for Pennsylvania and the hills, and teach skiing. On the mountains Pepper Gomez was somebody. On the mountain, Pepper Gomez drove the cars. On the mountain, people listened to him. Back in high school, when Pepper taught skiing in New Hampshire, he had discovered that when they found out he was an instructor, the kids listened to him differently, especially the girls, and if you lived in Nashua and your name was Gomez and you were dirt poor, respect was hard to come by.

One day, he had been treated a little too hard, and Pepper was out and gone. He slipped through his Kenel McNally office. Boston, New York, Washington—the whole East Coast looked like some web spun by a spider on acid. Highwayman enthusiasm every which way. He kept slipping the guys. Colorado. Ah, time runs. Aspen. That's what he had heard. Aspen came before, and it was some of the best skiing he had ever done in his country. He hated his wife and baby and good-bye, and his dad to his 1960 Rambler American, grabbed his new girl friend, Patsy, whom he had met skiing, and headed for Aspen.

"Pepper laughs. "We pulled into town at four in the afternoon, headed for the Arconic Bar, and within hours someone had found



Ladies and gentlemen, here is Pepper Gomez, gladiator of instructor, ultimate lover. Almost everyone knows him. The few who don't study him. They want to be instructors.

to up with us right by twenty-four hour trailer in Woody Creek." When Pepper arrived in Aspen, it was small, friendly place full of independent free spirits, refugees from the urban families desperate folks bonded together by their love of the mountains and skiing. They were the old boys, content to sit all day and work at the bars and lodges at night. No one made a lot of money, but a didn't matter. You could get out a living, but more important, you could be yourself. In a complicated world, Pepper and the other Aspeners felt as if they were in control of their own lives. He said Patsy settled into their trailer, and he did odd jobs and taught skiing to get by. It was a struggle, but it was his. Pepper was his own man. Aspen was a wonderful community where everyone knew and supported everyone else. Patsy wanted to have a baby, so she and Pepper were married in 1971. They were getting along just fine—and then Pepper met Dorothy, the wife of a famous actor.

Dorothy wanted to learn to ski and hated Pepper was the man. She signed him up for a week. The famous actor was back in Hollywood. Dorothy signed Pepper up for another week. They were settled into a cozy trailer, days on the mountains, sports-like hours at the lodge, dinner at all those fancy places. Pepper couldn't afford, and during at the dinner and 200 a.m. Pepper and Dorothy were cars a pair. She had been a professional dancer, and Pepper, well, he was not a dancer in a dancer in Aspen, winning all the local dances. Pepper was to Aspen what Tony Manera was to Brooklyn. Pepper and Dorothy would dance and the floor would clear. Then they would all go back to Dorothy's condominium and drink some more and talk. Pretty handy suit. "Here I was," says Pepper, "fifteen low-end kid living his dream, man. Suddenly all these famous rich people liked me. People you recognize on television wanted to hang out with me. And then the people in town started coming up to me and

asking what all these people were like. They thought I was really something."

At 4:00 a.m., Pepper would struggle to be out and make his way back to his trailer, his wife and infant baby girl in Woody Creek. Dorothy was back to Hollywood and her rich famous actor husband, and Patsy and the baby was home to Washington and her parents. Everything had changed. Pepper had had a new of the best life and he had it. But he missed Patsy that is the end of the six weeks he would off the trailer and went back to Washington. He would leave Aspen and again the real world. The hills shut down, Pepper sold the trailer, packed his skin and Mecklenberg returned into his Denver package, and headed out. Suddenly Pepper made a U-turn and met off the Colorado and Mammoth Mountain and one last week of skiing. He said and thought about how Dorothy had told him that he should give her a call if he ever got to L.A.



A Fifth Avenue address is priced no more where the Fifth Avenue is. A two-bedroom, one-bathroom and 730 square feet in three bedrooms could be purchased for a mere \$18,000 in 1974. Even now, no improvements, at cost in early 1979 was \$120,000. The same with new furnishings—is now listed at \$180,000.

Dick Fitzgerald came to Aspen nineteen years ago because, he says, "Aspen was a place where with a little bit of money and determination you could start your own business." He started Fitzgerald Real Estate; now he shakes his head when he talks about what's happening in his business in Aspen. "People say it can't go any higher, but I don't know, I just bought a piece of property I could have bought back in 1960 for six-thirty hundred dollars. I paid a hundred and fifteen thousand and I got a good buy."

Pepper pulled into Beverly Hills at midnight and was immediately pulled over by the cops. He finally located Dorothy's house, moved his truck into her long driveway, and walked to the door. It was the lightest house Pepper had ever seen in his life. It was the best. The stand told Pepper that Dorothy and her husband were not but would be back soon. Pepper parked his truck across the street and waited. A few hours later, they came home. Pepper moved down to Sunset and called them. The famous actor answered the phone.

"Is Dorothy there?" asked Pepper.
"Who is that?" asked the famous actor.
"Pepper from Aspen." Pepper heard Dorothy gasp. "Oh, my God" in the background. She asked him to come over the next morning. Pepper got back into his truck, parked on a side street, and went to sleep. Pepper's morning generally began at seven, but he would usually wait until he thought was a reasonable thirteen—and called. The famous actor answered the phone.
"Hi. This is Pepper. Is Dorothy there?"
"No," snapped the famous actor. "She took the kids to school."

"Well," said Pepper. "I hope I didn't wake you up."
"Yes, did," growled the famous actor. "Call back later." Pepper would call often and called back. The phone rang and rang.

"Who is that?" screamed the famous actor.
"Hi Pepper. You told me to call back. Was you still in bed?"
"No, I was in the shower. Dorothy will be home at twelve." Pepper got into his truck, drove to the house, and once again parked across the street and waited. The famous actor went in with Dorothy came home. Pepper spent the day with Dorothy, talking and drinking beer. "I couldn't believe it," says Pepper. "Then I am, Pepper comes, sitting in this beautiful house in Beverly Hills, thinking I was so nervous." The famous actor came home, walked into the study, slipped over Pepper's sofa, and fell flat on his face. "I almost died," recalls Pepper. The three men dined for dinner. There was a television on the coasters, and the famous actor spent the entire dinner watching at old



The prime mountain view in Aspen is Red Mountain, where the morning house is located. Red Mountain affords the best view of the town. A view of Aspen Mountain, and proximity to town. The house at the top of Red Mountain is currently available for \$350,000—but you could find a \$245,000 bargain halfway down the slope.

Fitzgerald has seen property in Aspen jump anywhere from 20 to 100 percent in one year. Two years ago, a two-bedroom, two-bathroom condominium he listed jumped from \$50,000 to \$96,000 in six months. Today that same unit sells for \$170,000. "It used to be," says Fitzgerald, "that people would only buy places on the mountains. Now they will buy anywhere, anything, for any price. And you would be amazed at the number of people who pay cash." He just sold a house in Snowmass (10,000 square feet, with a swim-

ing pool is the middle) for \$1.8 million; a three-bedroom, three-bathroom Aspen Club condominium (2,400 square feet) for \$525,000; a one-bedroom condominium at The Gant for \$250,000; a studio at Aspen Square for \$150,000.

Fitzgerald has on the market a little house (1,735 square feet) on Red Mountain for \$325,000; a house in Starwood (this exclusive neighborhood of some seventy houses has its own guard and gate to keep out the riffraff) for \$750,000; a three-bedroom, three-bath-

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Close or shut? This house with its sloping roof is essentially not large room. Located on first floor of lot in Woody Creek about twenty minutes from Aspen, it sold for \$60,000 in 1975. Minor improvements were made and it was resold in the spring of 1978 for \$175,000—no more \$100,000 increase.

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This rocky-look house in Aspen's west end sold for \$85,000 in 1973. By 1975 it was worth \$88,000 and in 1977 it became a rocky-look duplex—the rocky half selling for \$149,500. The rocky half for only \$115,000. Today it would cost an owner \$155,000 for both rocky-look halves.

room house (8,000 square feet) at Buttermilk for \$850,000; a small house (with forty-two acres) in Woody Creek for \$680,000; a house on Red Mountain for \$625,000; a house in downtown Aspen on three acres for \$1.2 million.

It should be pointed out that most of these outrageously priced places are being sold as second homes and that, increasingly, it is not Americans who are investing in booming Aspen real estate but Europeans, Mexicans, Australians, South Africans, and Arabs.

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The people in the \$600,000 houses drink, dine, dance, with Pepper. On the mountain, Pepper is the big shot. At night, he goes home to "Silver Slum," a low-cost housing project for the locals.

six guys who share a two-bedroom apartment and the one guy who is renting and living in a large air conditioning unit that is not used during the winter months. Most of them work two jobs. It used to be worth it, they say, because they loved the town, the people, and they could ski. But four years ago, Aspen Skiing Corporation eliminated the season pass, and now it costs \$15 a day to ski. The dedicated skiers are going to other places, like Telluride. The strong bond that held the community together is weakening. The bond is now money.

Michael Solheim stands quietly at the end of the bar and scans the room. He runs the Irons Bar. It is a little after midnight, and the place is jammed. It is partying on to the two o'clock shuffle. If you haven't connected with someone on the slopes or during après-ski drinks at Lark Nelly's or discoing at The Panagon or the Toppler, this is your last shot. There is an unwritten rule at Aspen: You can't go home alone. Aspen is also about sex.

Sothen, a handsome man with a well-tanned, tanned head, came to Aspen eleven years ago. He came for the skiing, the fishing, and the cultural elements that make Aspen unique. "It used to be that people came here to ski," he says. "I would go over to Aspen Mountain and these would always be a group of friends to ski with. Now I go over to ski and I don't know anyone. We all took great pride in being local sons. We loved being part of a club and knowing that we were better than the outsiders. Now the club is just an acronym."

for their time, but the author, Hunter Thompson, now lives in a house for the blind of Aspen. He wonders if they didn't make a mistake, inadvertently assisting a monster that is now using them alive and unharmed and has his first-platinum lost, but in the process some very liberal thinkers got educated to city and county government. The result was a no-growth policy. (Two years ago it was modified to what is called a Growth Management Plan, which allows 3.5-percent growth each year.) "It seemed like a good idea at the time," says Sullivan, but then hearing sweat through the roof. Next thing I know the house is full of people who can pay three hundred fifty thousand dollars for a second house and write the check. It's a little like the old days of the gold rush, except that the goldmine is Aspen. Who needs it [the] I founded a good-looking quality of Aspen. Except now some of my friends live here anymore. They've been forced out."

Let call it as it serves. The two of which unite in force. The place is so peaked that it is almost impossible to move. The stone is so loud that it is almost impossible to talk. "You're coming with me," said the Christian to the man on the other side of the old night. A handsome woman came, she had down the hair of a woman sitting next to her. Her eyes acknowledge her hand. "Got any beads?" said the man, then woman. "Yes," answers a man nearby. "This is your girl. A striking (swooning) in Asper in the room; they are all sitting, but already have been sleeping. I saw the young woman. She says how she called a friend. Her eyes became today had left her reading glasses in her house, and she was wanted to get them back to her—discretely." "Don't worry," answered her friend. "He buys them by the gross." She tells her, when she's being lively, she wants to read the glass. "I'll be right back," she says. "I'll be right back," she says. There are no signs, it's like a girl's last night in a room.

"A ski instructor is part of the scene," says Papper. "The rich people want to hang out with us because we know what's happening. Some guys can come to me and be the biggest movie producer in Hollywood or the biggest rock and roll star or the president of a huge company. But when he gets into my class, man, he dwells with Papper. It's the buzz. He needs me. That puts the on him."

level. I've got his psyche and bones in my hands. And if he acts like some kind of big shot, well, I can just take him down a trail and show him he's no good. I'm the big shot. He has to respect me. I'm the man. He can't tell me what to do. While he's on the mountain he has to listen to Peasey Gorman."

But all of that about money and power still doesn't pay the rent, so Pepper handles it. He is always on the lookout for someone in his area who can do something for him. The handle is subtle, and he defends it. It is not a businessman's handle when you screw your friends. My friend someone from L.A. who will take me to dinner, introduce me around, let me stay with him where I'm in town. Well, he does that only because I offer that person everything I have. I am willing to give up everything for that person. My time might not be worth as much as his, but it's all I got and I count on him."

Popper spent the month and shows we met, he says. They are nice. Popper taught a dance from L.A. how to get, showed her the town, where to hang out, what was happening. The dentist called Popper's number, a 15,000 job, free. The dentist returned to Aspen with a bunch of friends, and Popper arranged for some of the prostitutes to go with them for a few days. And there is a very good reason why he is not in Aspen. He is in Los Angeles on taking Popper's son out to dinner every night. And there is the doctor and his wife from Metam City who take Popper skiing with them at other resorts. And the couple from L.A. who bring Popper along with them to Vegas to gamble. They like to drink. Popper is not on their list. "People do things for me," says Popper, "because when they are in Aspen I show them the best locations, like Popper. Games can show them. I can go everywhere. I can go to the casinos. I can go to the hotels. I work one hour every week, and I'm a lawyer of the house."

Mostly Popper provides women. The instructor at the elite-levels lives at a single Popper not only driven on his premises. He has dated women from Illinois to Italy-ide. He talks into of wild parties, night in Jackson, low on driving boards. Popper says, "I've been married for 10 years, and I've been married for 10 years." "A few years ago," says Popper, "the school's director used to say, 'Clay, pop, a whole new group this week, and a lot of the ladies aren't here to go, so go out there and do your job, so we had the story of the bonus to handle.' Continue Popper, "I went around with my hands on the machine. I was first for the first time, and I was first for the first time. I was giving the most amount of money. You pick a clerk, one who might like you out to dinner that night— one who might be able to do something for you. But you have to be careful not to pay too much attention to her because you don't want the story to get out. You want her just the end." Which can be heard in 1990.

Pepper makes his move on the chair lift. He lets a woman know he is interested, if she responds, he makes plans with her soon. Once he's back on the mountain and is front of the class he doesn't pay any more attention to her. Sometimes it gets complicated, like when both the mother and the daughter are sitting on him. "A few years ago," says Pepper, "you could meet someone in your class and just ask me out to dinner. But not now. It's too expensive. You want to be real sure, before you try out fifty dollars, that you'll end up in bed."

Pepper sounds like a Beach Boys song when he talks about women: "Southern girls are the best, and they get everything they want. They are totally geared toward sex. Girls from Boston have to be in it midrange, and all they want buggy pants and sweaters with shirts under them. L.A. girls are juicy, mean, tall, in great shape, and if they want you, they just take you. New York girls will only talk to you to show you they are superior. It becomes a challenge the minute you meet them on the slope. If



A developer bought Smuggler Trailer Park, another stronghold for the locals, and raised the monthly rent from \$91 to \$235.

"If you want my benches, then you're going to have to work for them." The post-earnout guys are so used to that shit that when they get out here and even southern parks and L.A. parks, they go nuts.

Pepper barely hurdles in the barn—there, he is just part of the manure. There is a rule in Aspen that ostracism can't wear thin: pecked after 400 p.m. "I did not without my jacket," says Pepper. "If I'm in a hat, sometimes I wear my mistress's ascot just so they notice. Then the girls know who I am, then I believe, that I know what's going on."

Those were the Asperger days that had no beginning and no end. Peppro was in training, learning to get by on two wheels' sleep. I'd shut all day, were at work all the theater by night, met a friend there, stayed out until two or three, caught a taxi home, drank, peeped a Freudian, and went to bed. You know, I was always in a few days. If it had been a good time, he would see the woman in the spring, and of course, she would always be back the next season. But the real beautiful thing about doing a tourist, says Peppro, "is that you don't have time to hurt each other." You are automatically laughing. You have a good time because you only have three days. I do everything else. I don't want to get away from the level of your situation. There is a lot of things to even see the system, you can't see what would you want to do in it.

"No," says Puppet, anticipating my next question, "it never gets boring because there is always someone new and different around the corner." That's what Aspen is all about—no matter how much today is, it will never be as good as tomorrow.

Anders Ulfvich stands among the boards and nails and bricks that will soon be his new restaurant. Originally from Poland, Andre grew in Aspen almost 20 years ago to escape the rat race in New York. "Aspen struck me as a small community that I wanted to live in. It had a diverse population, natural beauty, and great skiing." He realized that there was no place to have breakfast other than elsewhere a.m., so he opened Anders'. That was nine years ago, and it is still there, offering his own in the mountains.

But now Andri is building a three-story atrium across the street. The kitchen will be in the basement, it may on the first floor and mezzanine, and a private club at the top. If you are a member of the club, it will cost you \$15 a clip just to walk through the door. The new Andri will be the most expensive place in town. And there are a lot of expensive spots in Aspen.

"The people don't see moving in here now and see what things are, they are a different breed than in the past. The town used to be full of kids riding a year off from college, willing to do anything so long as they could sit. And back then people—the boom—were not so involved in their businesses, in making money could always take time off to sit. In the last two years or so, however, they are all on their toes."

Because of the deterioration of the season pass, the high cost of

swing, and the lack of low-cost housing, the do-hbers in Aspen had taken the way of the wheepest class. There is a severe shortage of workers. Every shop, lodge, and restaurant in Aspen has hired several signs in the windows. There is no one to do the manual jobs—dishwashing, making beds, shoveling snow. The employment situation became so critical last year that Andre expressed three Virtuous men neighbors. They agreed to work for him for two years; doing dishes, clean up, and he housed them in a four-bedroom house with three do-hbers. The Giant and The Apples' Mindsets (one a businessman, the other a hiker) also supported Visions. They did the manual jobs, four hours a day, five days a week. "I see it," said the Giant. "I can't see it." But the Apples' Mindset was reliable and hard working.

In Aspen, where the snow never stops, he will support five more. A plunger of what Aspen will be like in the future—a town made up of all the very rich and those who serve them?

Pepper remembers a time in Aspen when a man was as good as his handshake and says now there are all these people coming to town with accountants, lawyers, and contracts that never he signed. People used to help you out—now they try to screw you like the doctor who knifed Pepper's arm when he slinked it hanging drunk. The doctor charged Pepper \$400. He had \$170 left in his car on the hill when the doctor removed the arm.

"No, I don't," said Pepper. "You took my arm and left it."

"How much will that cost?" asked Popper.

"A couple hundred dollars," says the accountant. "So what you are talking about now," says Peppers, "is taking a four-hundred-dollar loan and putting it into a five-hundred-dollar double bond? That's one way to make money. Well, I'm not really paying. Four hundred dollars was the bid for a twenty-five-year-old car and my car is usually 150,000. I've paid you a thousand dollars for a car that was fixed." Then, says Peppers, "I'm not going to create credit after me, but he kept our credit and others. I finally went over to him and said, 'Look, you can't create me, I said me to Denver, but we said me to Denver.' My credit isn't so good. But I succeeded in getting my credit back for my car and I paid that off back and forth off my card. But don't get me wrong, we should really not have to pay for a gasoline credit card. You have a down payment and if you put down, you don't pay for a down just because the bank says, 'Bye-bye.'"

Jay Michaels sits at the bar of the Ute City Banquet supply coffee. It is the fall before the lunch starts. Ute City is the place to have lunch in Aspen. Michaels, who owns the Ute City and country and western club called Chaudron's Saloon, came to Aspen ten years ago. He had worked in the theater back in New

The unwritten rule: You can't go home alone. It's like a sailor's last night in port.

York and, like the others, was sick of the pressure. Aspen offered him the skiing and the kind of life he wanted. But here Michaels is depressed a lot these days. "My place at home looks like the East Side of New York," he says. "I had to get a new pair of jeans to get into my own place. It is so small. That's not why I came to Aspen."

He shakes his head. "We were so uptight about growth. I think we did ourselves in. Aspen is growing as by. The no-growth policy made a lot of sense on paper. We were trying to prevent Aspen from becoming a Vail. I was for it. But we stopped the working class. We're not getting the people with all the spirit who used to come to Aspen. It's just too expensive. There is no place to live, unless you got an extra three hundred thousand dollars. And the ski-pass system is murder. I am totally at the mercy of my delishery. I've even had to do my own dishes. And I've had to raise my prices because I have to pay the help so much. The young people aren't coming anymore. They don't have the money. About the only way to make it in Aspen expensive, unless you have money to begin with, is real estate and drugs."

"Everyone talks about Aspen being the cocaine capital of the world," says Popper. "If I ever manage enough money together to buy a gram, by the time it gets to me it's been cut a thousand ways and has about the same effect as a sleeping pill. Cocaine, like everything else in Aspen, is for the rich."

Popper and his new wife, Susan, last summer. She was a buyer for the May D & F stores in Detroit and was on a holiday. Susan could be a model. She is tall, skinny, and quite beautiful. She looks like a young Audrey Hepburn. She wasn't into the wasted to carry a ski instructor at live in Aspen for their entire life, but when Popper gave her an escape like the race, she said yes. Susan now works in a local ski clothing shop, the Aspen General Store. She is cautious. There is never enough money, and she wants to have a family. They can barely support themselves. Popper and Susan never agree—except about leaving Aspen. And it is not

Right: The two black struggle to live. If you haven't recovered with someone on the slopes or at open the doors or dancing, that is your last shot.



Mindless disco takes over. "Sex," says Pepper, "is part of the Aspen package."

may be married to a ski instructor in Aspen.

"It's hard to be married and keep up the image," says Pepper. "I try not to put myself in a position where women become available. Hey, I wanna live the living hell out of me. I bet the women in my class know I'm married. But then there are the women who prefer married men. I introduce my single ski-instructor friends to the chicks, and if a woman still wants me, I just hope I can sneak around it." His plan? "Bar, man, after ten years of swing look-alike women and all of a sudden someone says you can't have them anymore, wow, suddenly you want one. I'm thirty-four now, and I love Susan. This is my third marriage, and I want it to work. I can still flirt, kiss them on the cheek, put my arm around them—that helps keep up the image. But God, it's harder now than ever before. Sex is part of the Aspen package. The trip wouldn't be complete without it. If a chick can go home and tell her friends, 'I had a great time, stood with, and ended up in bed with my ski instructor,' well, that would be it. There are women here just flat-out hitting on you. The only thing that counts is this town is enjoyment with the person you're with." He smiles. "You know what? Well, not even your ass, Mike. Because, it's just the teasing."

It's four o'clock, the lifts have closed down, and I find Nally's in the place to be for après-ski drinks. And to remember. The place is teeming. Men and women desperately check each other out. The key is to have an uninterested but interested look. Those who have been at it for a while have the look perfected. Larry, twenty-eight, stands against the bar. He is tall, thin, and very good-looking. Women parade in front of Larry. Some just look, some smile, others offer to buy him a beer. "This is a wild place," says Larry in a soft southern drawl. He is from Virginia, but he was in a rut, and wanted some time to figure out what to do with his life. And he loves to ski. But Larry is thinking of moving on. He's been in Aspen for a month and cannot find a place to live. He grabbed *The Aspen Times* the minute it hit the streets, checked the ads that looked promising, called, and they were all gone. He had a chance to book in with three other guys in a small room for \$40 a night. He also looked at an even smaller room in the attic of a house in downtown Aspen. The asking price: \$300 a month. Larry decides he'll head to Utah.

Doug is thirty-two, handsome, much a big, bushy cowboy. He lived in Aspen for four years and moved to Fort Collins last spring. "Four years ago Aspen was full of people like me, like me. Now they are all jetsetters." Doug finally threw in the towel when his landlord doubled the rent on his small one-room apartment to \$300 and he was forced to move into a trailer in Basalt, twenty miles away. "One day all these rich people will come to town and there will be no one left to serve them."

Two Germans, dressed in frayed Bogart outfits, belly up to the bar. It cost them \$3,000 each just to get to Aspen, and each night they have sampled a different restaurant. They are rich and don't feel Aspen particularly expensive. Back home, Aspen is noted for its thing and wild party life. Each has lived up to reputation. They enjoy complex to that the condominiums complex where they are staying seems to be short of much, so their plan (two bedrooms, \$2,000 a week) doesn't get cleaned up until late in the afternoon. The maid refuses to do the dishes or make the beds—so all she will be making are fresh towels. It is just a minor irritation, they point out, and they extend it to the next night. They will wait and plan to return for an even longer lease next winter.

Douglas Summer with one over the speakers. Mindless disco takes over. Red and blue lights flash hypnotically. Bodies move rhythmically. The men droop behind the women. One by one the Germans, Larry, and Doug leave Little Nell's—each with a pretty woman in tow.



The ladies move rhythmically at the Tappan. At this time and The Foreigner, at the Avenue Bar and Little Nell's, the influx of beautiful women keeps the locals from getting bored.

Pepper checks the film of *The Wildman* family through his program machine at the bar. He makes ten dollars a night as a programist. He has seen every movie ever made in the last ten years and can quote dialogues from all of them. He looks red. Keeping up the glamorous ski instructor's image and all that goes with it is getting harder and harder. Pepper is confused. He feels he has a stake in Aspen, that he has earned the right to live here. Some days he says he will fight and stay, other days he talks of going to Hollywood and becoming an actor. He'd like to play Clint Eastwood's sidekick.

Or maybe he'll go into sports announcing. "My knowledge of sports, my voice, my glibness—these are my big assets. I can get

over my emotion and make people laugh. I can get on front of my class and it's forcing cold and there is a blizzard going on, and I can make my class relax, laugh, have a good time. When I'm announcing the hot dog contests and hear people laugh at my jokes, I just love it."

"I keep telling Susan that something is going to break. I keep thinking in the back of my mind, with all these people I am dealing with, that someone is going to do something to me that will and discover me. I'm an entertainer now on a minor scale." Continues Pepper, "It will be hard to leave Aspen. Here's Pepper Comes from: Nashua, Massachusetts, hanging out with movie stars, I'm accepted by people from L.A., New York, Houston,

Chicago, Dallas. I walk down the street and people know me. And when I go places and people hear I'm from Aspen, they think I'm cool. I make Aspen cool. Why do I have to leave?"

"But the struggle is too much. I work three jobs, and I am totally frustrated. Before, everyone worked these jobs and it didn't matter. But now all these super-rich people are here. I work hard, but I don't move up. I am beginning to feel burned out. When am I going to get a piece of the pie? I've paid my dues. There is no way I can buy a house. There is no way I can buy a goddamn thing in Aspen. The glamour, the ski instructor, living in Aspen, just don't add up anymore. Why can't it be like it was?" 49



The Great Soft-Drink Shoot-out

Seven-Up is betting \$40 million that it can run the colas out of town

by Philip Taubman

Pat Cunningham slipped a yellow piece of paper into his Royal typewriter, adjusted the margin and tab, and waited for a few minutes. His assignment: to come up with a new image for 7-Up, one good enough to propel the clear, lemon-lime liquid into a battle with Coke and Pepsi for soft-drink supremacy in the United States. After suffering from a series of identity problems for five decades—including the dubious reputation of being the soft drink that relieves hangovers—7-Up wanted a simple, compelling advertising slogan that would make it easier for consumers. The ad agency that came up with the best candidate by last summer would win the 7-Up account and the lucrative commissions that go with selling millions of dollars of advertising—single 30-second spots in this case.

It wasn't the first time that Cunningham had worked on a high-stakes bid. At age thirty-five, despite his shaggy, graying hair, Cunningham was an advertising sales kid. He had grown up the son of a public school teacher in Kenosha, Wisconsin, studied advertising at the University of Wisconsin, then landed his writing skills in the Navy by drafting rhymes for discharged officers. Following the Navy, he logged a few years in small-town, small-time advertising agencies in Virginia and Indiana. Seven years ago he got his break, signing on with Ayer as a copywriter. From there it was a rapid climb to a top executive slot, a home in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, two kids, and an hour train commute to work. He was good at crossing slogans—the poetry of persuasion. "Tell me, few people who have to eat and run." That was a Cunningham product. So was "Aren't you made of stars?" But what else, you say about carbonated water, sugar, citric acid, sodium citrate, and natural lemon and lime flavors? How do you make that stuff sing? If he could hit just the right note for 7-Up, who knows how far he could go. A leapfrog for a great slogan.

By last spring, Cunningham's colleagues at Ayer had provided him with reams of market research about the soft-drink industry and 7-Up. They had analyzed sales data, tested consumer attitudes, and studied product attributes and habits, trying to find the best way to change 7-Up's image and boost its sales. They had agreed that 7-Up should somehow be tied to the active, outdoor life-style of Americans. Make 7-Up the drink of active Americans. Which is to be clear, pepper, lemon, lime, vitamins. No more that Coke and Pepsi seemed already to have monopolized

land that segment. Instead it is a grand stadium on Madison Avenue. Anyway, the brains at Ayer were convinced that 7-Up, with its clear, zesty appearance, fit the outdoor scene better than the colas. Even the same 7-Up logo itself is a bouncy, active theme.

Even his forty-first-floor office on the north side of the Burlington Building, on the Avenue of the Americas, Cunningham stared out at a majestic, unobstructed view of upper Manhattan, New Jersey, and the Bronx. Central Park was spread out below like a green carpet. Suddenly, he had an idea. He tapped it out: "Americans having 7-Up."

That's it, thought Cunningham. By God, that's all AMERICA'S TURNING PAGE.

The soft drink 7-Up is born again and gaining for Coke. Armed with Pat Cunningham's slogan and the marketing know-how of its own in-house Friday Morning, 7-Up Seven-Up has launched an ad campaign aimed at the dominance of Coke and Pepsi in the soft-drink business. The goal is nothing less than to change the drinking habits of Americans, ending the nation's obsession and, until now, inviolable tilt toward colas. As good as he has watched TV this winter has witnessed the first shock in what could turn out to be the biggest marketing battle in years. Since the first week in January, Seven-Up has been flooding the airwaves with commercials showing bikers, bikers, and commuters quaffing bottles of 7-Up, hammering home the theme "Americans having 7-Up." The sound of bubbling 7-Up, the company hopes, will be the last heard round the works.

Big bucks are at stake. Americans spend more on soft drinks than any consumer good on food or on national defense. Every man, woman, and child consumes an average of 158 cans or bottles a year. Cola sales account for 62 percent of that market, lemon-lime beverages only 11 percent. Coca-Cola Co. and PepsiCo are corporate giants, making roughly one and sixty-third respectively on *Forbes* magazine's list of the 500 largest industrial corporations. In the soft-drink industry, small shifts in sales move big dollars in income. An increase of just one percent in the market share of a brand means an added \$119 million in sales.

What makes the Seven-Up move so significant is the prowess of Philip Morris, a company that ranks 83rd among the *Fortune* 500 and first on everyone's list of corporations with marketing savvy. No one knows how to sell packaged goods better than Philip Morris. It is the company that introduced Marlboro cigarettes from an obscure, low-selling product into the number one brand in the world and perked the Miller Brewing Company from seventh to second place in the industry on the strength of a new image for regular Miller beer and the introduction of Lite beer. Just as DuPont created famous personalities, PMI created successful product personalities for packaged goods.

Philip Taubman is a senior editor of *Esquire*. Forthrightly.

Illustration by Robert Gussman

MARCH 27 1987/ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 33

The lights dim, music thunders through the room, and pictures of beautiful young people hiking, biking, canoeing, rock-climbing, and swimming flash onto three screens. They are all drinking 7-Up.



No one at the sidewalk is dourly expectant that world to witness the same now that PMU is throwing its weight around. "The soft-drink party's going to get rough," says a top executive at Coca-Cola. "Philip Morris is a monster at marketing. When they buy something like Seven-Up, you can be sure it's because they see some opportunity for profits there. We sit around one day wondering what the hell they do that we don't. It's going to be a battle of the giants."

OPENING NIGHT

January 3, 1979. It's opening night for the new 7-Up. Pat Cunningham's doggie is going to make its debut.

The scene is New York, New York, one of Gotham's sleek downtowns. One can be seated in the basement of what used to be Toon Shit's restaurant, on West Fifty-second Street. The chrome-and-glass revolving door whisks around in a swirl of glass prisms into the surreal landscape. Nervous Seven-Up and Philip Morris executives greet the crowd, directing people downtown to the bar and down.

It's a cool scene. People are waiting in line for twenty minutes just to check their coats. After that, it takes another ten minutes to push through the bodies to reach that bar which is promoting Miller, late beer, and 7-Up.

The guests seem to be divided into three groups: Seven-Up and Philip Morris employees, members of the New York advertising fraternity, and representatives of the press—not reporters (though some were present) but mostly ad salesmen whose job will be to recruit 7-Up ads for their respective publications. It vividly seems to be smoking, probably because cigarettes are free, distributed by women dressed in green jogging slacks and skirts emblazoned with the 7-Up trademark.

The smoke lights flash, indicating the performance is about to



The successful campaign of the 1960s poisoned 7-Up as an alternative, a rebellion to beer with the usual forces of the times.

begin. Everyone leaps on dancing, smoking and talking. The lights flash again, and a small, conservatively dressed businessman properly steps out onto the wooden dance floor.

Corporate executives have a lot of skills, but the chief is to stop a rattling cocktail party in its tracks by stepping out onto a dance floor with a microphone in hand and no dancing partner in sight isn't one of them. The lights flash again, and the man instantly speaks into the mike, asking for attention.

It is John Kessel, president of Seven-Up U.S.A., the man Philip Morris has chosen to lead the 7-Up challenge to the colas. He looks like Frank Borzage, the former screenstar and the president of Eastern Airlines—composed, serene, hairless, fair complexion. Though he is master of ceremonies "This won't take long," Kessel pleads, as the crowd finally begins to take notice. Kessel addresses his house at Philip Morris, his colleagues at Seven-Up, and the top people at Ayer. Then he turns the stage over to his product.

The lights dim, music thunders through the room, and pictures of beautiful young people hiking, biking, canoeing, rock-climbing, and swimming flash onto three screens. They are all drinking 7-Up. As the last

peeks up, the female dancers glide into view, wearing iridescently tight slacks and buckles, low cut shirts. Like the women on film, these carry the 7-Up logo. The dancers kick out their legs and thrust out their chests, going into whatever convulsion best shows off their natural attributes. After a few minutes, two male dancers step out carrying basketballs and soccer balls. Soon the ensemble is rocking and shaking around the floor, passing and catching the balls, all in the name of America's tanning 7-Up, America's tanning 7-Up.

It's a fevered, fevered message of dancing and selling—no George Balanchine nightmare.

'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy. But then I tried Vantage. Frankly I didn't even know Vantage was low tar. Not until I looked at the numbers. That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked. For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Phil Gault
New York City, New York

Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100'S: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. **FILTER MENTHOL:** 1 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. **FSC Paper MAY 79**

Because it is clear and light, a lot of people still think 7-Up makes them feel better when they've drunk too much. The medicine cabinet, however, is not where the action is in the industry.

7-DOWN

The show in New York, New York was as much an act as a beginning. It marked the end of casual planning and waiting for the rebirth of 7-Up, a process that itself was born in desperation. 7-Up needed John Kidwell and Pat Cunningham because it was a soft drink at its core.

Since it was created 85 years ago by two midwestern entrepreneurs, 7-Up has had no identity crisis. They originally named it "Bib Label Lithiated Lemon-Lime Soda." Not exactly the kind of catchy name that makes products famous. Luckily, someone had the good sense to change it to 7-Up before the company went out of business. That helped, but only temporarily saved the drink. "The Case for Seven Hargreaves" did not. It was so difficult to survive not a market among 600 other lemon-lime drinks, the 7-Up founders ended up sticking their product with a severely lacking slogan. Because it is clear and light, a lot of people still think 7-Up makes them feel better when they've drunk too much. The medicine cabinet, however, is not where the action is in the soft drink industry.

To go out of the medicine chest and into the refrigerator, 7-Up went: Uncle in 1965. The idea was to make 7-Up an alternative to Coke and Pepsi to get it into the main soft-drink market. The Uncles campaign worked: producing no increase in 7-Up sales. In the advertising world, this was a huge victory, since it demonstrated to advertisers, the Uncles' theme argued almost apologetically in an advertising strategy to ease with the times. Madison Avenue executives put the Uncles campaign right up there with the *admiral* campaign as a total failure in the States. Whatever its metaphorical foundation, the Uncles campaign represented what it meant: 7-Up didn't exist in the market. In the Southern States soft drink in the country. It still traded Coke and Pepsi headly, but at least it was in the marketplace.

Then the trouble began. Dr. Pepper burst out of the South with a full advertising budget and national distribution, threatening to dislodge 7-Up. Meanwhile in the lemon-lime category, both *Sprite*—a Coca-Cola product and *Mountain Dew*, produced by PepsiCo, joined or 7-Up. The marketing figures told the story: sales of 7-Up, while increasing, was not going up as fast as overall sales in the soft-drink industry. That meant an erosion in Seven-Up's share of the market. True, the company was producing \$101 million in sales by 1976, with \$26 million in profit, but it was never really feeling all over.

Something drastic had to be done. But Seven-Up, still largely a family-owned business, was no other: age nor sophisticated. Reeling the slide away developing a marketing campaign that would kick the company back to life required a commitment of capital and an erosion of *know-how*, that Seven-Up simply did not have.

MOXIE AND MONEY

Enter John Kidwell. He had come to Seven-Up in 1963 as brand manager for a seven-level 7-Up spin-off called *Like, Later*, but had been sent to Canada, where he became producer of Seven-Up's Canadian subsidiary in Canada. 7-Up's sales, already healthy, took off under Kidwell. In some places, the drink actually overtook Coke and Pepsi.

Kidwell was a natural at marketing. Though he had never taken a business course in his life—he was a philosophy and English major in an undergraduate at St. John's University in Montreal and completed his master's work for an M.A. in English literature at Catholic University in Washington, D.C.—Kidwell intuitively knew how to sell a product. He also understood the value of market research and planning, something the top brass

at Seven-Up at that time did not. Kidwell took a major risk when he accepted the appointment as senior vice-president for marketing at Seven-Up headquarters in St. Louis.

An admirer of Peter Drucker, the business author and philosopher, Kidwell knew his first task was simple. The first priority of any corporation, he says, paraphrasing Drucker, is to survive. He discovered that Seven-Up's survival was threatened because the company was running blind. It had no idea why 7-Up's position in the market was deteriorating. There was no market research.

Kidwell also discovered that Seven-Up was in trouble with its bottlers. Bottlers are everything in the soft-drink industry. Companies like Seven-Up are basically franchisors. They license a trademark and sell in contract with bottlers on the way. That they use soft carbonated water to produce soft drink, for more than 470 bottlers in the U.S. that produce 7-Up, only three are owned by Seven-Up. Kidwell found that the bottlers were after over 7-Up's existing market share and implement with the company's failure to develop a new soft-drink campaign.

Kidwell took action. He ordered an in-depth study of the soft-drink industry. The study told him that 7-Up was losing to diet drinks and to *Sprite* and *Mountain Dew*, not to Coke and Pepsi. It showed that 7-Up, in the wake of the *Uncles* campaign, was no longer a specialty drink or mixer but was still not a first-choice soft drink. It was more popular with older people and women.

"Which added up to one thing: 7-Up wasn't a mix-up," says Kidwell. "Our product is not essential to human survival. It had to get a bigger share of the youth market. It had to become a socially acceptable brand for young people. The drink needed a fresh hit."

Kidwell knew better than anyone what he was dealing with. There was one way to change the contents of 7-Up. They were changing the water. It all depended on advertising. "Look," says Kidwell, "our product is not essential to human survival. It had to get a bigger share of the youth market. It had to become a socially acceptable brand for young people. The drink needed a fresh hit."

Changing the shape of a product takes money. Lots of it. Kidwell knew what 7-Up needed, but he also knew that the company was in a bind to finance the kind of advertising that they would be required. Thus, understandably, he got a loan.

Philip Morris made a tender for Seven-Up last spring and, after a brief struggle, acquired control of the company. P&G quickly created Seven-Up U.S.A., a new division of the company, and named Kidwell president. Pat Cunningham, Philip Morris, which had paid \$177 million for Seven-Up, told Kidwell he would soon be leading Seven-Up's advertising budget in 1979.

Now all Kidwell needed for his product was a new slogan.

A MATTER OF PERCEPTION

N. W. Ayer had begun work before Philip Morris entered the picture. The prospect of a 7-Up account budgeted for \$40 million in advertising, other than \$20 million made by Ayer work even harder. Other ad agencies were refusing back as well, also studying, stating, spending great sums of money to collect data about 7-Up, and thinking about how to give a new image.

Ayer spent months doing a study. It was by analyzing the results of the company's test runs for soft drinks in which people were given Coke, Pepsi, Dr. Pepper, *Sprite*, and 7-Up in both marked and unmarked bottles. When drinking identified bottles, consumers said they preferred 7-Up to all the others. When the bottles were unmarked, 7-Up was still preferred to all others.

Then Ayer saw what he knew as a problem-solving survey. The idea was to find out what habit was a product for. For 7-Up and *Sprite*, sales generally, Ayer asked consumers to rate the

drinks according to the following profound means: (1) contain ingredients that are not good for you; (2) taste too spicy; (3) taste too sweet; (4) have an aftertaste; (5) too heavy or filling after exercise; (6) not in tune with the lighter way people eat and drink today; (7) every country, the world made a worse choice than 7-Up, especially in the case of consumers' unhealthy ingredients.

The next question was, if 7-Up stated better than sales in quality and taste, why did it lag so far behind in sales? Here, Ayer conducted a non-profile study. The goal to find out whether 7-Up's appeal had been hampered by consumer perceptions of what kind of people drink it. The answer was a resounding yes, 7-Up was perceived as the drink of women and older-middle-aged women. The boys who gunk at the neighborhood bar every day and work wouldn't touch 7-Up with a seven-foot pole. Telly Savalas, Burt Reynolds, the Ford line you know! They drink Coke. That's really when the party.

Ayer had to figure out how to give 7-Up a more male image or at least, how to shed its ethnic image. Five models for an ad, 7-Up theme was proposed. Each around a different 7-Up appeal.

1. Carbonation. Studies had shown that consumers thought there was more carbonation in 7-Up than in Coke. To Ayer, that was a problem. Ayer tried to translate carbonation into an attribute. Copy: "The bubbling soft drink that bursts into taste."

2. No sugar. This would take advantage of 7-Up's less syrupy taste compared to the other. Copy: "It was made on syrupy soft drinks, but now it's light."

3. Active lifestyle. The goal here was to couple 7-Up with words like healthy, energetic, informal, casual, and natural. Copy: "7-Up fits the way Americans are today."

4. Thirst. Research had shown that soft-drink sales prior to 7-Up over the years in a first quarter. This would work off that appeal. Copy: "For the hot thirst, Ayer says the grip on 7-Up."

5. Taste. This pitch cut back to the marked and unmarked bottle tests, which revealed direct preference for the taste of 7-Up. Copy: "The taste test, six out of ten people had a 'clear' favorite."

Now came the critical moment: Ayer would test these themes with consumers. Not by phone or at an open-house door or even a grocery store. No, Ayer would gather together a group of volunteers to meet in "Focus" groups, where they could seriously discuss the proposed themes. These groups of ten or twelve people, rounded up in New Jersey and Pennsylvania shopping centers, would meet to the various ads with a discussion leader, while their conversation was taped and they were observed by Ayer staff from behind a one-way mirror.

The Focus groups were nearly unanimous in their preference toward 7-Up. Two thirds of the volunteers liked the theme compared to an approval rating of only 15 percent for the number-

"We need a personality for the product. We've got to give 7-Up a look all its own."



Philip Morris has named Madison Avenue to first place with marketing survey. Can it do the same with lemon-lime soda?

members named 7-Up.

"Just didn't see how it could come for Pat Cunningham. This was the moment he retired in his effort to reduce all the data and ideas into one line. It was the day he let go of 'America's turning 7-Up'."

A few weeks later, in late June, John Kidwell approved the Ayer presentation. Kidwell in Philip Morris consumed weeks later—Seven-Up was standing in front of "America's turning 7-Up."

The first returns won't come in until this summer. Simply because of the volume of advertising. 7-Up sales should pick up, but an appeal would be about to take summer of the new advertising.

By then, there will already be a second generation of consumers. The slogan will be the same, but in the new version there will be a lighter focus on individuals and specific outdoor activities. That's in response to criticism from Jack London, the top marketing executive at Philip Morris and the man credited with creating the MacBride Man. "We've headed in the right direction," he says. "But we still need to build a personality for the product. Our graphics have to be less generic. Right now, with shots of attractive young people, we look an awful lot like Coke or Pepsi. We've got to give 7-Up a look all its own." Part of that look will be young sports stars, including the Country boy running back Tony Stewart and football star Ron Shager from Reno.

As for Pat Cunningham, he has been back at the typewriter recently, juggling the tea for the new show. Then he headed off to L.A. and Ayer and Harris to supervise the shooting. At the end of last year, Ayer awarded him a big bonus.

It must be the seventh 340 million year slogan. 40-



The Old Man and the Sea: An aging, ailing Hemingway (upper) found a quiet place to work as well as diversion in France after World War II. He was often entertained by the Di Robilant family, whose daughter Olghina (shown alone, in her early twenties) is the author of the memoir that follows. She recalls that Hemingway brought to Portuguese society "a kind of elegant vulgarity." For the Di Robilants, it was a time when women and film stars had definitely replaced the glamour of movies

Hemingway And True Grit: A Memoir

In his last years, Papa was no daddy figure;
but for one young girl, he became again as great
a man as he was a writer

by Olghina di Robilant

Corona d'Ampezzo, Italy, 1948. A long, windy winter. The beautiful people of the period were everywhere. Among them was Ernest Hemingway. He was large and fat, with a scaly skin, a salt-and-pepper beard, and an air of insouciance that convinced some people who drank. I was thirteen when I met him. He could not shake children. Their presence irritated him. My mother kept telling me, "Children should be seen and not heard." Hemingway approved. I knew he was someone important. Everyone said so, especially the girls in the party, the center of social life in Cortina. Even those who had no reason for authority approached him with reverence. There were gazing eyes when he spoke, abridges of affected laughs if he said something witty. Voices echoed: "Oh! How true! I thought exactly the same thing!" When he ordered a dry martini, everyone ordered a dry martini.

The more people bowed and scraped around Hemingway, the more I, a child, withdrew to observe this man. Only once did I speak up. It was when he was discussing bulls and bullfights. Young as I was, I was an aficionado, and I disagreed with something he said. "I was taught otherwise!" went my words. A long discussion that pleased Hemingway followed. I had won his approval.

"This child understands bulls!" he exclaimed. "She is a true aficionada!"
"You should see her room," said my mother. She explained that photographs of matadors—the art and science of bullfighting—covered every inch of wall space in my bedroom. This, too, pleased Hemingway. He concentrated on me, talking on and on about bulls. The discussion led to games of bullfighting, of the

novena challenging the bull. With a cigar in his hand, Hemingway played the bull, a the taurino. Then we changed roles. Through matroquismo we overcame the greenhorn pig, and I became like all of Hemingway's admirers, laughing if he laughed, smiling to hear his opinions before expressing my own, feeling pleased to have overcome his indifference to children.

He wanted to be called Papa, so I called him Papa. But it was awkward, normally used by those who flirted with him, not by children. There was nothing personal about Hemingway. Nothing protected. No intricate understanding.

One day, covered with snow like Santa Claus, he came to our chalet and entered the sitting room. As usual, he was wearing a slushy overcoat. He poured himself a whiskey, then grabbed a sock outside the window to put in his glass. He removed his snow boots, his socks, and then put his two naked, red, swollen feet near the fireplace. Looking at me, he said, "Awful! Now . . . if that child were ten years older . . . humm . . . Ha-ha!" He was contented.

Earlier that day, he had been to Zaid to watch the skiers doing high jumps. He liked to watch things, physical things was the quality he most admired. "Those boys are fantastic," he said. "They fly." Then, turning to me, he asked, "Do you jump?" I shied embarrassedly but carefully. "What an idea! I wouldn't dream of it," I answered.

"You jump to a school at the Tullio slope, eh? Well, perhaps jumping isn't always exactly. The third is a level. It's not speed. It's the impact of landing!"

I was out of my depth, but said, "I don't know any champion skiers who take risks jumping. I do have one friend who does everything. He's more of an acrobat than a champion. He also skis on rooftops. And he has already looked every bone in his body. He has learned that a jump that ends belly up can also finish a bedrest resting on one. Being a one thing, and jumping as a bedrest resting on one. Being a one thing, and jumping as a

Olghina di Robilant, an Italian journalist, learned about bullfighting in Portugal as a child.



A Childhood Album: *Stapleton takes in Cortina, 1945, of Daphne di Robilant's family (with brother and father; upper left) and friends (in six shots, lower right) are superimposed on a photograph of Monogram taken around the same time. When Daphne (upper right) and Papa met, she was thirteen and he was in his early fifties. Their acquaintance led to discussions about risk taking. Of all qualities, Monogram most admired physical courage. But Daphne was not alone in loving to a snowplow (lower left) when it tumbled on the slopes.*

Portraits of the Afficionado: *Monogram is fifty-seven years old in this photograph. Daphne (upper and lower right) is in her twenties. Somewhat thickly, they were able to bridge a generation gap through their love of the bullfight. Daphne grew up attending bullfights (upper left) in Spain and Portugal. Her earliest memories of Monogram are of playing tennis with him— "with a chair in his hand, he played the ball. I ate tennis." When she was older, he invited her to join him at a bullfight near Madrid—"the most beautiful gift I could receive."*

other. The objective, I'd say, is defense."

"He's in right," Papa agreed. "These considerations are interesting. I'd like to know this friend of yours. What does he do? Is he in on Contax?"

"He's a ski instructor," I said. "He's here always around. He's well-known in the Dolomites."

I would have liked to tell more about my friend, but Papa interrupted. "Do you ski with him? Do you ski well enough to follow his trail?" Papa put me on the spot.

"You'd never keep up." My mother, who understood what Papa wished to see in me, broke into the conversation. "Adrian is very well," she said. "He has a lovely technique. One day, we can all go to have lunch at the top of the mountain, where you can watch the skiers start."

"We'll do that," said Papa. "Let's go to-morrow. I want to see this little scoundrel skis. What a pity that she isn't ten years older!"

I was surprised—I could not show off. Nor did I wish to. I would not dream of taking full speed to try to impress Papa. Ever since childhood, I have never taken a risk of that kind without a good reason. It took all the courage I could muster to explain, "I don't shoot down mountains, Papa. I am well aware of what I can do! I do ski well, but I take care. I even do a snowfall when I am in trouble. So I don't think it's worth your while to come and watch me."

Papa's reaction was immediate. Turning to my mother, he changed the subject, speaking completely. I had been shocked. I was not a "lout" to be discovered by him and put on a pedestal. I was just a little girl.

A year later, I saw Hemingway in Venice, where I lived. We met at a party, on the staircase of the Franchetti palace. Either the evening was too low or he was too tall. He had a cloud hanging over him. Adriaan, however, was offering Hemingway a cocktail.

"What is that liquid something to dissuade the ladies?" murmured Papa. "What I need is a whiskey."

Adriaan brought a glass of straight whiskey and ice, which Papa sipped down rapidly, beaming with satisfaction. He turned suddenly to me.

"I've heard you were bullfighting with Concha Cerrón in Portugal. Tell me about it. I don't know of any other girls who bullfight so seriously. I'd like to hear what it was like."

"Concha was doing the bullfighting. Not I," I said, making an effort not to resent his turning what was sacred to me into party chatter. "She let me hold the cape with her."

Hemingway turned away to speak to Adriaan Franchetti (later married to Henry Ford) and to Adriaan. He was openly flatteringly to the Italian young man. Adriaan said the wistful eyes of his wife, Mary. He was always ready to fall with pretty girls, but his "addictions" were, eventually, friendships based on situations that stimulated his sense of verity—or the myth of his verity.

Adriaan was one of his last lovers—the inspiration for the character of the girl in *Across the River and into the Trees*—and possibly a great love. His wife, Mary, a widow, said: "Eugen was his true 'other self.' She, too, drank. Few people realized how much."

As a group of us left the party very late, Miss Mary (that is what Papa always called her) said, "Papa, put your pencil on it as you put it on a chair." But he persisted not to hear, as he pulled Adriaan close to him.

Papa had agreed. He seemed to be high-strung and difficult. He

As a child, I knew Hemingway was important. When he ordered a dry martini, everyone did.



Papa served himself. *Mr. Hemingway and I were Mary's Papa and the Great Papa.*

most have known he was no longer physically appealing. He was constantly troubled by an ugly skin problem, his hands were red and swollen. Adriaan was young and lovely. He talked to her but never listened to her replies.

He seemed to be paying court to himself. "You're magnificent!" he told her.

The Hemingways were staying on the Venetian island of Torcello that year. Papa was writing. When he wrote, he shut himself off completely. No one saw him. I understood and respected this. He had chosen to work on that silent island with its view of water and fairy tales of islands. Very few motorboats. When Venetians spoke of him, they would say, "Hemingway is writing," in one might say of a child, "Mr. The little one is sleeping."

My mother telephoned once or twice. Miss Mary answered. "I'm sorry, darling, but Papa is writing. As soon as he's finished, we'll come to see you."

Papa interrupted his solitude several times to go duck shooting at the Franchetti, who had the most beautiful shoots in the Venice region. While shooting, Papa dropped all his poses and personas. Dressed in hunting clothes, wearing heavy boots, loading in a flapping barrel, he waited for the deer and duck as he might have waited for the lion or the rhinoceros in Africa. He drank in the Pigeons and sniffs. He became tense and silent. Papa was a good shot, and so was Mary. But even when he didn't shoot too much, he was nervous, everything was critical of his writing.

When he had finished his book, he came to visit us.

"Now that I have finished, I don't want to see a typewriter for a long time," he turned first to my father and then to me.

"Signora, I have a gift for you. It might mean something to you when you are grown up," he said.

He handed me the manuscript of a short story about a wonderfully conscious bull who was in love with a cow. He had written the story partly by hand. With the help of my father, he had bound it into a small book with drawings and photographs and personally dictated it to me. I felt proud of Papa's gift.

The bull in the story did not melt flowers, he was not delicate like Ferdinand. The bull was wild, strong, loyal, and true. Papa explained that the story had a double meaning, that I should not read it carefully. He gave me advice about the things one should not do. He there was "one big love and then death."

Explaining the story to me somewhat, he said, "Remember always to avoid bullfighting. You must stay straight for what you want and take it. Die if you must. This is the only way to become a winner."

"What about luck?" I asked.

"I agree that luck sometimes comes into the picture. I myself have been lucky many times."

"And love?"

"Never allow it to escape you."

"And women?" I asked. Knowing this woman were objects for him, like toys for a child. But he bothered only if they were beautiful, brilliant, promising, or above him socially. The way he had a different outlook and approach under other circumstances, but I knew him only in this case. Whenever he traveled, Papa met and mixed only with those few women exceptions where real reason is completely dead. The kind of women you meet at Harry's Bar, in Venice, or Glen's, in Rome.

We just can't quit when we're ahead.



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Wolfschmidt Vodka.
The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace," "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Car stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar
on his bare knee. Crush a
silver nuble with his fist. He
had a thirst for life like no
other man alive.

And his drink was the toast
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Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka

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Papa brought with him into our society a kind of elegant vulgarity. He also Americanized the Russian klt-rinking style, including the breaking of the glass after drinking vodka, exposing (at his presidential symposium) to our refined drawing rooms Papa brought the touch of a warrior without a flag.

One day I ran into Papa at the Gloria Palace, and he invited me to have a drink at the bar. He made me sit on one of the high stools at the bar. I ordered a fruit juice.

"Why don't you try a bloody mary or a Bellini. They both have a lot of fruit juice, but the effect is better."

He ordered two bloody marys in a loud voice before I could reply. The bartender, who knew me fairly well, was shocked.

over, and I had named our reason.

I moved away and went to talk to Cyranoine Ordebeux for a while. I saw Dominguez speak to Blomberg and then leave the bar.

At one point, my mother came over to whisper at my ear. "Listen, I'm afraid the Hemingways were not counting on you for help. See if you can organize yourself and join us later for coffee."

I felt like, "Oh, that's all right, I am having lunch with Pablo Romero. It will work out perfectly. I'll join you at three. I would, pretending to have a headache etc."

After the Hemingways left with my mother, I arranged to have lunch with a friend. I deliberately showed up at four.

"Why are you so late?" my mother said.

"I just couldn't leave my friends."

"What a pity! You'll never again who had lunch with us," my mother said. "Your favorite tavern—what's its name? Luis Miguel Dominguez. He really has great cheer."

My heart fell to my feet. Had Papa done this on purpose? Was this the way of getting back at me? He pulled me to sit next to him. He had been drinking and his mood had changed for the better.

"Come here, young lady, and talk to me about your bullfighting friends. I see you know the whole world here."

We got into a discussion. I no longer cared what I said. I defended my ideas and theories with a fury. In the end, Papa was silent.

"You really do love bullfighting, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"How would you like to come with me to a arena? Would you like to come and fight?"

An overreaction to a letter—a line to deter me from the flames of young bulls for the ring—was the most beautiful gift I could receive. Papa laughed. He took my hand and gave me a big hug.

"She really has a passion for bulls," he said to Mary. "Good! The day after tomorrow, I'll take you to the arena of my friend. He has a beautiful property near Madrid and is organizing this for me. Luis Miguel is also coming. You like Luis Miguel, don't you?"

"Yes," I shyly answered.

He laughed. I laughed.

I don't think Papa expected such a direct answer. He said nothing more. Still holding my hand, he led me out of the restaurant. We walked along the streets of Madrid, Papa and I in front, Mary and my mother behind.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"I must go to a clinic to see a close friend of mine who was operated for kidney stones. Maybe you know her. Ana Cardona."

"I don't know her but she's Dominguez's friend," I said.

"I'll see to it that you know her better. She is very beautiful. A real woman! She has more guts than a man. There's a woman with bulls for you. She has courage to give away. Are you a girl of courage?"

"I think I have courage, but it may not be exactly the same as you have in mind. I fight but never risk needless risks. I used all the strength I have to find my way through life. I could never even think of death. I know I would feel it as I believe. I can win in the long run but not in battles, unnecessary games."

"Good! That is also a way of fighting. But it seems to me you have taken life in hand with unnecessary force. You do as you wish, no? I can tell that much. Well, yes, that, too, is a form of courage."

He repeated my aim. I said no more.

When we arrived at the clinic, I decided not to go in with the others. I did not wish to see Ana Cardona in a hospital bed and possibly with Dominguez sitting. I excused myself and arranged a date with the Hemingways for some time later.

The next morning, I made my way with my mother to the Palace Hotel. I had been to the corrida the afternoon before and was anxious to discuss it with my friends. It had been a bad fight. I wondered when Papa would say about it. I had seen him in the passageway in the second row of balconies, where the managers of the terrace stood, together with the assistant and reserve fighters. One could see Papa from a distance, because he wore a beige hat, the same type he had worn during the civil war, when he was sitting against Franco's army, as a secretary that meant, to say the least, a steady and studying look of sympathy for the Franco regime. This was probably one of the reasons he was not asked at the end of the fight to enter the pits of the nobles, where cronies, cronies and cronies sat.

The lobby was packed with guests. Papa was in the bar drinking with one foot balanced on the sill. He greeted my mother and me, and we all sat in a group with Mary. He suddenly told us that the next week he was going to the next day and that he had asked to bring my mother and me along. I asked the more of our host, something I had not done the day before. When Papa gave the news, I was shocked. The same was said to me in Madrid, but he had the reputation of not being a strong man. He was not a man frequented by the rest of bullfighting world. He was a rich bachelor who had gone into breeding bulls for the sole purpose of organizing corridos so that he could cross the people who crossed. Thus he had discovered a way to make himself acceptable in the society he so hated. He gave Roman-type hangovers for celebrities—those who did not know Spain well. The bulls he bred were white, jet white, for his film companies. His superficial attitude horrified those who cared seriously about the quality of fighting bulls. He was the last person I imagined Hemingway would hang in a hall for a term. A writer capable of producing *The Sun Also Rises* and *Death in the Afternoon* should have spent his time among the serious bull breeders.

Although I was shocked at the news of the bar, any doubt I had in my mind disappeared. I didn't feel like bringing up the question of peace and quiet. While we were talking about it, an English friend of Papa's came over to join us. Papa introduced him to us.

"This is the greatest journalist in the whole of England: Kenneth Tynan, theater critic and famous writer. He has been a poisoner at times, but this only helps his reputation. Mary answers, much glory!" He then asked, "Kenneth is preparing a book on bulls and corridos. You should talk to him."

Mr. Tynan confirmed he was searching for information. "I find myself at sea. I must learn more about the way of life of these corridos. It's not easy. They don't give themselves away so easily. I am looking for someone who knows them well."

Papa let the table with his hand, knocking his drink over.

"Well, you've found exactly the person you need. Olga is a young friend who can tell you whatever you wish to know. You will do it, Olga, won't you?—as a favor to me?"

I felt like pulling back and played the shy one. I said I really wasn't that well informed. But it sounded very flattering, and in the end I gave in and decided to help. Since I wasn't too

Papa put himself on exhibition, giving instructions to whoever entered the arena.



Hemingway with his friend, Royce, from during bullfight at an anti-Franco speech.

At San Juan everywhere. For the name of one of our visitors was Christian Dior. Dior, 100 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.

Christian Dior hosiery.
Some men buy it for its name.
Most men buy it because
it lives up to its name.
From \$2.75, it's a small
indulgence every man deserves.



Frenchman gets his 3 pairs, \$1

embarrassed about this interview, I had at least hoped it would take only a few minutes of my time. Tyne took me to a quiet corner of the lobby where he could get down some notes in a quiet place. But it lasted longer. After a while, I saw him looking at the notes. I was nervous to get back to the bar and join Papa, but Tyne wanted to know all that was possible to know about the bullfighting world. It was surprising he didn't ask me what constituted the toreros' world. At first I started telling him exactly the things I really knew, but when I saw that my every answer raised new questions, I started making things up so that the session might come to an end.

Finally I saw Papa, Mary, and my mother cross the lobby and head for the elevators.

"We are going up to Ann Gardner's room," Papa called out.

"How is when you see?"

I was about to jump up and go after them when Tyne grabbed my shirt.

"Oh, no. We haven't finished," he said.

He examined and took a very long time turning his questions, and I was tired and becoming furious. I flipped back on my chair and grunted nervously at him. I tried eating my answers short, making them glib and quick witted. I told him exactly what toreros like to hear. Talk about pride, fear, respect, desire, and both his lions, all with a background of controversy. I was bored after a while and gave up my initial intention of telling him the local trade around which torerosquity is formed. I settled on about twenty and pride rather than about the nomadic life, the peasant background, the brutal poverty.

It was getting late, and I was getting more nervous. The lobby was dark, and they were still up at Ann's. At last, an elevator door opened, and I saw them in that same old, laughing and teasing, but I thought they had one more story to drink. Obviously they all had spent many hours having fun while I was stuck with this boring and trivial task.

I finally left Tyne and went back to my hotel with my mother. She slowly sobbed away, sitting in her bedroom, she began to laugh to herself.

I heard about the room she had spent in the company of the famous movie star "At first, Miss Gardner looked charming. She is so beautiful and radiant. Everything was fine, and we were having cocktails. Then her bullfighter friend came in. They started kissing, right there in front of me and everyone else in the room. He was all over her, pinching her just as a soldier would do to a slaveholder! Well, she thought it was funny and started giggling with laughter. She said for a few minutes, she had popped down half a bottle of tequila. The bullfighter merely had her on the bed, there in front of us... or so it looked."

My mother was very proper and even now she was shaking her head as she was telling me about the experience. "Then her bullfighter left suddenly, and Miss Gardner started drinking herself all over Papa. I don't understand why or how Mary goes with such behavior. I would have cracked Miss Gardner. I was a conner, and just as I was going accustomed to her foul language, out the room from the bathroom without a stitch of clothing. To save my life, I thought I was going to faint. Papa loved it. He gave her a crack on the backside. He said that the bathroom, then was a mess. And 'What the hell do you keep in the place in your bedroom?' I said like this! Well, Ann started rolling over the bed, screaming with laughter. 'That's exactly what it was, Papa. I kept it in the place as it could be examined.' I just couldn't take much more. I got up and said I had to leave."

I encountered Ann the next day in the Hilton room, where she was being managed. I don't think Mary exaggerated. There was no mystery about Ann at the time. As for her language, it was crude, but it could be amusing and, in a strange way, attractive if you accepted her for herself, a hot rash and obviously provocative. She gave me the feeling of having had a very strict upbringing. She behaved as though she had just found a new freedom and revelled in it—a child discovering dirty words. I couldn't help finding she was creating herself in the image of a Hemingway heroine.

I went to the arena with Papa and Mary. Our hotel's lovely house was situated on a lawn that sloped down to a river. The property was surrounded by olive and eucalyptus trees. There were many guests and there were women with plates of delicious bits of oysters and shrimp. Our hotel had applied typical regional costumes for everyone short jackets, trousers, and boots. So we masqueraded as Spaniards. I felt ridiculous in the trousers, which were too large for me, and the baggy jacket. The looks given to me were too sweet. They hurt. The older guests, who were not interested in the activity of the event, sat drinking comfortably under a covered stand.

Those who wished to test their skill with a young bull were in the ring behind the barrier. The bulls used were only five or six months old. In a real sense, since tested, the others are sent to the butcher. Here, one watches the action in silence while the expert fighters handle the calf. It is not a game. But our host that day had selected an uneven bunch of calves. Some were fresh and loose, others were cunning beasts who knew exactly how to attack. They were caught for the legs, ignoring the cape altogether. I understood this, and, not being a masochist, I rejected it. Papa, smiling like his super, was acting like an expert. He was wearing his famous belt.

Hemingway had returned to the country and the study of bulls that he had so loved years before. And his first concern with the world of the bulls should have been celebrated with some degree of solemnity or, at least, with intense friendship. There was nothing of the sort. Papa put himself on exhibition, totally unaware of the exposure he was making. He started giving instructions to whoever entered the arena, as if he were a professional giving advice in the arena of Madrid.

"Take him from the right! Cut! you see that bull goes to the left!" Papa yelled out. "Keep your feet still, damn you! Make him lower his head!"

A female who was watching murmured, "If that baby animal puts its head any lower, his horns are going to get stuck in the ground."

I remained silent in the audience outside the arena. Papa glanced over at me from time to time. Finally a calf appeared that was larger than the others and was obviously more vicious. It had responsible horns, and a breath of honesty as it paced the ground. Downings laughed, turning to the foreman, "That will be a lovely cut to start! That one can read and write. You can see at once it's been trained in every possible trick."

As the foreman and the torero laughed heartily, I saw Papa choosing that calf for me to test. Didn't he understand that that particular animal was the worst of all? The most cunning? A good bull must be fresh and unacquainted. A good bull charges uncalculated like a train and thunders like a locomotive. A

Despite our different temperaments, we shared one goal: To find the heart of the bullfighting world.



At a Spanish bullfight, 1936, Hemingway captures the dedication of the death of a bull.

Who more than you deserves all this.



Owning an Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Regency meant to drive in the essence of luxury. To enjoy its plushness, elegance, sense of quiet and more. It also means owning an automobile with a surprisingly reasonable price. Because Oldsmobile

believes you do deserve all this luxury, but more importantly, you deserve an impressive value. The 1979 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Regency. Sit in it. Drive it. Fall in love with it. Buy it or lease it. At your Oldsmobile dealer's today.

Ninety-Eight Regency
Have one built for you.

groof ball is ready to face any challenge, the equal of a house.
"Go on, Oghiana. This is a knee-me fight. You must take him on."

"Thank you for the favor," I replied. I was lost. Loss Miguel might easily.

"Let's see what will happen now," I heard Papa say as I entered the arena.

I used the spear, strutting my arms out as far as possible to achieve distance. I walked, perhaps without elegance, but with all the efficiency I could muster. My behind stuck out, and my feet were constantly moving. In that awkward way, I succeeded in keeping the baby bull at a short distance and observing a spectacle with my eyes.

"Well, just look at that! This girl is so handsome!" I heard the Korean say to Domingo.

Papa kept repeating, "Fool! Keep your feet still. Black yourself and make a pony. Don't give up!"

I took my head.
"It's impossible, Papa. This bull is too outrageous!"

"You're afraid? That's the trouble!" Papa's voice came and reached me.

"Constantly I'm afraid. I'm not a fighter!"

Papa did not reply. As the bull peeled another charge, I rubbed behind the bull's head, where Papa was standing. At that moment, an American girl wearing tight jeans entered the arena. She had a lovely figure. Fascinated, I watched her fit her hair, finally and composure on the stand. As the bull charged, she remained perfectly still. Only at the last moment did she make an imperceptible gesture, moving a few millimeters, in the least instant by her Hennessey was outside.

"Oh! Oh! Fabulous! That's the way to fight! You're fantastic," he shouted to the girl. To me he said, "You see, Oghiana, that's how to fight! Go on now and show you can do it too!"

Against my better judgment, I entered the arena again. This time, the bull stepped on my foot with his full weight.

"That's enough!" I shouted on my way out of the arena. I stepped to the stand, where I tried to console myself with a theory.

"In need of courage?" Papa teased me. When it was Domingo's time to confront the same bull, he and the spear to break the same way I had done in the beginning. He kept saying that as he stepped behind the bull, he was a lot of courage and had nothing to do with the act of fighting. The bull was thus replaced with other, smaller ones that were easier to handle. I longed to have a try at work, but my wounded pride prevented the Papa did not speak to me again. Domingo, instead, came over and congratulated me by saying I had understood the proper way of coping with a vicious beast.

At the end of the events, Papa begged the American girl and with the help of the others looked her on his shoulders in a triumphant display. To construct this, the formless and Domingo took me on their shoulders and paraded the around to see. Domingo the house had been in over overlooking valley. There were endless cañons of wine, pacifist, dark fishes, but, and everything the needed for a banquet. Again, I found myself sitting next to Papa. He turned and said, "Don't take it so hard. Even the best horses have their off days. I tested you badly, but that doesn't mean I don't see you understood something about this art."

"Africa is a jealous, demanding, and vindictive mistress. In that land I loved, I lost myself."



Papa and Mary (Mami) only lived in Africa for a few years, but they were in Kenya in 1953.

I decided not to speak of bulls with him. I asked how instead to tell me about Africa. We sat on a wall overlooking the valley. Papa gazed gently into the distance.

"Africa is like a drug, you know. For me, Africa remains planted to my heart. It's not to meek the shooting, the hunting, as many people think, that take hold of you. It's the air, the open, the smells. The people, too. There is a certain heat between men and women, one feels it at sea and in the desert and in these places where something divine still exists."

We remained seated on the wall while Papa talked about Africa. He drank very little as he mentioned about the Kenya he loved. In Kenya, the hours were different, the monkeys were spotted, and even the birds were unique.

"Then an accident cut me away from that world. Africa repaid my love with a brutal blow. Oh, how a hurt I became very ill. I still am. And I will never return."

Looking into the distance, Papa was really telling himself to himself. I was afraid to break the spell by asking questions. I remained silent as a shadow.

"The first accident, a plane crash, was dreadful. I thought it was the end, that we were all dead. Instead, we crashed out of the plane, where I was thankful to that land because it gave me back my life. There was a long waiting period, waiting for help. Hope in a strange place. It grew from moment to moment until there came to me the possibility of salvation. Finally, we were able to get to another place. We began to drink. Life seemed to be smiling again, and when we arrived abroad, we all got a sign of relief that must have resonated throughout Kenya. But it was too good to be true. The second plane crashed, and I suffered a severe blow here," he said as he placed my hand on his head. "It cannot be cured. Never. I know it, and yet I pretend not to know. I sometimes suffer black spells. The impact was too violent. Africa called me back to the land with such authority, such imperiousness, that part of me actually remained there. In that land I loved, I lost myself. I kept postponing the early story of things."

"How is it?" I said never he could. I should demand Africa. But I was in with all my heart. I ache with nostalgia for the country. But I don't wish to return there. For me, Africa is a woman. A jealous, demanding, and vindictive mistress. Can you understand such a thing? I don't often speak of my plane crash. I'd rather recall the day when I shot the monkeys, and the sleeping nights full of sounds and life."

I suddenly felt a maternal sympathy for Papa as he spoke. I did not forget his experience, nor his presence. He had one foot on the stone wall and one hand on his hip, being the last and last. For his life the ending of a film. Perhaps that was the moment when he truly became himself. Here was a man fighting himself, trying to hold his suffering, love was the most as great for most in the world. I was grateful to him for his honesty.

The spell was broken as Miss Mary, with her husky voice, called to him from inside the house. Papa pulled himself together.

"Yes, Mary, I'm coming. So, my little sister, we didn't do so well today, did we?"

Nobody knew that Papa was ill. One best friend, one heard about the blow on his head, but he never confessed rock talk. I later asked if anyone had known that Hennessey hadn't had much longer to live, but nobody could tell me anything.

I said farewell to Papa at that time. He embraced me tenderly, affectionately, before leaving. It was the last time I saw him. 40

Life After Graduation According to Garp

Baccalaureates take heed: None of us is pretty for long

by John Irving



once Holyoke College, where I taught for two years, had as one hundred and forty-first graduation exercises last May. The senior class asked me to speak at the baccalaureate service. Missa Holyoke is a women's college—one of the last all-women's colleges—and I wondered what qualifications anyone imagined I had to address these young women. I had in common with them only the fact that I was also named Missa Holyoke: most of the graduating seniors knew that I had just resigned from the faculty. I've taught college students for six of the last ten years. Some of the seniors who knew me well also knew that I hoped I was resigning from teaching forever—to "just write," as my mother puts it.

In the last ten years I've written four novels. I like most of these novels, I don't only know what I want to be when I grow up—I was lucky enough to have always known that I wanted to be a writer and lucky enough to have it turn out that way. I felt I had no authority to address a group of young people on the subject of their future—few of them knew what they wanted to do when they grew up. Only a few of them were truly brilliant, although an encouraging number of them seemed to me purposeful and determined, and a number of these men and women would keep their independence. I hoped only a few of them were truly happy, but none of us is in a hurry for long.

The only other graduation exercises I had ever attended had been my own. I told them, my graduates from Exeter. I had listened very attentively to the commencement speaker. I don't remember who he was, but he was male, he was old, and he was a Jew. He said that he stood as he was either a Jew or a Jew—said he told us how we were standing on the edge of the world he wished he could cross again. He said he missed the options that were ahead of us, he said he missed the opportunities of our youth. It was as if he was thinking of someone about twenty-one, someone who was already "miserable," because he regretted to us that we would have fun with the indecisiveness of the world out there waiting for us. Either he was a liar or he was stupid, but he had forgotten his own youth, because I have never felt so badly misled.

I didn't envy the young women at Missa Holyoke at all. If they thought they had options, I said, they should look them over every morning. And if they thought the world was indecisive, watch out. I commiserated with their anxiety—which is all I remember from once having been where they were now.

Many of my friends—most of the people I went to school with, most people I know who are my age now (thirty-seven)—are under anxiety. Some of my friends still don't know what they want to be when they grow up. And many of those who are what they wanted to be are disappointed.

I advised the class of '76, therefore, to be tough on themselves.

John Irving's *The World According to Garp* has been on the best seller list for the past five months. A part of the novel is the focus of a short story, just published in *Esquire's* June 1977 issue.

and kind to other people, to be hard on their expectations and gentle to the friends who would suddenly be left behind.

"Because the world is unfair to us because to be healthy," I told them, hoping it was true. "You have to keep making pictures of who you are, and you have to keep seeing and creating the pictures." I have two sons, one was fourteen, I made a book of myself by repeating this to them. And I have I was speaking in a chapel, as I felt encouraged to preach.

I told the seniors about my family. My father the schoolteacher and treasurer, my mother, the mother and hospital worker; my sister the faithful driver and artist; my brother the nightclub performer and pianist. "It doesn't matter if you don't know what you want to be when you grow up," I told them, hoping it was true. "The important thing is passion—you've got to have it. And energy—you've got to give it."

I did not mention luck, except through the illustration. In 1908, a boy from the Midwest named Jimmy Garp wrote a plan by which he meant to better himself. I read Jimmy a plan to the women of Holyoke because, as plans go, it's a decent one.

Run from hell	4-10-30	A
Dormitory course and well-reading	4-15-30	A
Study electricity	7-15-31	B
Work	2-30-34	A
Perfected and spent	4-20-35	B
Practical life, men, game and how to claim it	5-30-36	C
Study needed sciences	7-30-37	C

GENERAL RESOLVES

No writing notes or Shafers or J notes, indecipherable.
No more smoking or chewing.
Be kind to other men.
Read one improving book at magazine per week.
Have 21.00 (rounded up) 10.00 per week.
Be better to parents.

Jimmy Garp had some noble goals. In a world like this, it's not a waste of time to give a few minutes a day to "dormitory course and well-reading." And "one improving book at magazine per week" is hardly too much to ask. I suggested to the graduating class that they make some general resolves for themselves—even if they spent as much of their time running down, as watching them. "It is especially worthwhile, in the next few years," I told them twenty-five years old, "not to lose track of your expectations for yourselves." Jimmy Garp had the right idea.

Of course, most college students know how Jimmy's plans turned out in the end. He changed his name—to Jay Gatsby. He was "The Great Gatsby," who threw his life away on a dream and on a woman not worth even the least of his time. He was miserable in one way or another, but because he was not miserable for someone else.

"Even so," I told these young women, and anyone else who was listening, "you ought to have a plan."

We define ourselves, as hard as we can, by the plans we make for ourselves—even if we don't keep them. And we grow, at least in part, out of the necessity of making new plans.



In 1986 in one of his most successful exploits in Africa, Denard and the men he had trained fought in the Congo against Katangese rebels. They fired from a jeep with automatic weapons into rebels who were dragged on foot, which, they thought, made them invulnerable to bullets.

In January of 1976, Ali Solih's murderess, his witch doctor, had a clear and startling vision. The next morning, he leaned to the palace and informed Ali that before his moon passed, he would be dragged from his throne by a man with a dog. Ali Solih, never one to trifle with fate, dispatched his soldiers to the four corners of his kingdom, ordering them to murder all the dogs. The soldiers either killed them outright with clubs or used

the animals in the backs of Land Rovers and dragged them to death in the streets. No one knew just how many dogs were killed, some say 50, others 60,000, but not a single dog remained. Ali Solih had now been in power nearly thirty-four months. The kingdom was desolate, but Ali believed the whacks of government ran smoothly. He was rarely seen anymore, often not leaving the palace for months at a time. He played with his jets,

he hired new domes, and he told his message messengers that the way had been prepared, his vision was keen, unclouded. On Saturday night, May 15, 1978, Ali Solih paid an unexpected visit to the Mosque de Yandouk. Walking into the central room of prayer without having taken off his shoes, he instructed the guard staff to surround Ali's uncle. This proved, on such short notice, to be impossible. Ali then told the grand mulla:

to surround Ali Solih. The grand mulla, seemed perplexed. Laughing, Ali Solih said, "You see, I am here already. I exist. I am not a fantasy." Having given this irrefutable proof, he drove back up the hill to the palace. He smoked a pipe and spent the rest of the evening drinking heavily with an importer of champagne bro-bro. At seven past, long after midnight, Ali Solih fell into a contented

The Comoros comprise four tiny islands in the Indian Ocean with a population of 370,000 Muslims. France had ruled for 132 years, until the parliament declared independence. Now it was a job for Denard.

sleep in the arms of Marina, his favorite concubine

III

He could not put the urgent call from his maid, and when dinner was over, Denard ring Phos automatically. His caller was Ahmad Abdallah, the ex-Comoros president whom Denard had deposed nearly two years before. Now, in March of 1977, Abdallah suggested that Denard come to Pate as soon as possible. He had a proposition, one he believed Denard would find both interesting and lucrative. They agreed to meet at Abdallah's apartment at the sixteenth condominium the next afternoon.

After two years in exile, Ahmad Abdallah wanted his country returned to him. When asked why he had sought out Robert Denard, the very man who had taken the Comoros from him, Abdallah explained that if not him always used the same doctor and only children left him again, why look for a different one? And besides, could it be worse than Denard's rule?

In Paris, the two men reached a swift and amiable agreement. They knew the French security services would not oppose their scheme; indeed, Jacques Foccart had already toured Denard of this. Denard calculated that it would take a year to make the necessary preparations and the cost would be in the range of \$5,000,000. Thus Denard did a curious thing, something he never, certainly, had done before. He explained that he wanted a share in the action, that he was prepared to manage his Comora sales and service station, which, he reckoned, was worth some \$700,000. Abdallah agreed and pointed out that additional funds could be expected from Mohammed Ahmed, his close partner. Ahmad had been told to exchange his two Paris apartments. Between the three brokers there would be funds enough to supply Ali Solih.

The project pleased Denard. He did not tell Abdallah, but shared the coup d'etat he was successful, he had an intention of leaving the Comoros again. He was, he knew, too old for war; he had lost the taste for it. He wanted to retire, preferably somewhere in Africa, and now, quite by chance, a sanctuary had been selected. His offer to participate in the cost of the coup had been accepted. But Denard also knew that his personal expenditures would be reduced once he and his men took the Comoros national treasury. He would have to make plans. The first, they would be no tanks, no waiting armaments when he arrived. He would wear the little kumfit and stay in, perhaps as long, at the very least as a commandant.

The two men drew up a formal contract that included a detailed budget. Abdallah agreed to pay Denard and his "technicians" in American dollars. They would receive their payments in three parts: a prenegotiated advance, a postnegotiated payment following the success of the coup, and the final payment when the technicians departed. Abdallah was anxious to begin his new children and many of his friends and relatives had been imprisoned by Ali Solih. He did not envisage this venture as a long effort but as a liberation.

Denard began his preparations that very week. He called two newspapers who, despite his recent reversals, had remained loyal to him—Capitaine Philippe Girard and Major Guy Cardinal. Both men had accompanied him on the fifteen-hour journey to Bess. Denard reckoned he would require a force of fifty men. He decided to use informants in the newspapers—Le Figure

in Paris and seven or eight provincial papers. Advertising is not a sound method of recruiting men. It attracts co-conspirators, professional hangers, and the unemployed. But the word had already gone out to the few mercenaries normally frequented—La Paris, Le Terebinthe d'Alger, and Le Lord Byron, off the Champs Elysees, and La Tropic, Pate, in St-Germain—and there had been few responses. So the advertisement was necessary. The ad was simple, stating that a foreign company required men with excellent military backgrounds to help survey and exploit of resources abroad. The rules were minimal, the pay was good, about \$4,000 for two months' work. The advertisement was repeated twice and ran for a week each time in May of 1977.

More than a thousand men answered the ad. The interviews were conducted in Paris, Lyons, and Marseille, and the candidates were graded according to classifications of good, average, and unacceptable. Denard refused to accept any man whose papers were left of cover. Few military backgrounds had to be excellent and preferably recent. His ideal recruit was a fit man of thirty who had seen action as a paratrooper. Denard did not allow for the smallest compromise, acting in strict accordance with his favorite dictum: An army is like a clock, if one day thing goes wrong, everything else goes wrong.

By late summer, Denard had selected forty-five technicians. The thirty-two Frenchmen, one German, and five Belgians would compose his main assault force. They had seen action in such places as the Congo, Lebanon, Somalia, Biafra, Algeria, Angola, Cambodia, Beirut, Vietnam, the Sudan, Rhodesia, and Chad. With such men, Denard felt he might have captured Cameroon.

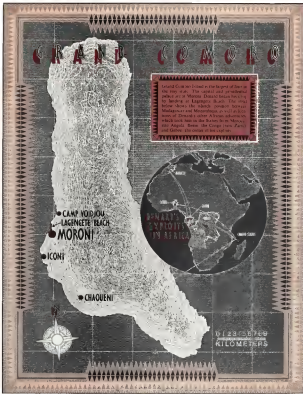
His original plan was to travel to the Comoros by plane. But planes were expensive and difficult to acquire. Few countries would permit fully mercenaries to leave their soil for an unknown destination. And, more important, he had not forgotten Bess. He decided to go by boat.

He recalled Laurence Bess in the Comoros. The beach, about one and a half kilometers north of Moroni, lay near the foot of the palace road. There were no houses on it, and the bay was wide and deep. It was the perfect landing place. He decided against chartering a boat, since that would require the trust and assistance of a foreign captain and crew. No he would have to buy a somewhat boat, one that was normally at sea for long periods of time. That summer, he visited his old friend Commandant Pierre Guillaumet.

Guillaumet, a former legionnaire in the OAS, was known in Le Creusot-Bombard. A list of his exploits achieved a minor success in Paris in 1977. But that was all behind him now. Guillaumet now operated a large commercial maritime business in Paris with drilling stations in offshore oil. The two men talked, and Guillaumet agreed Denard he would find a suitable vessel in June.

In September, Guillaumet took Denard to Bess, on the Brittany coast, and showed him the prospective vessel—a thirty-year-old steel schooner, or *trois-mâts*. It was called the *Atlante*. The crawler was used for long-distance fishing expeditions, sailing far as the *fin de Dieppeville*, or *Kerguelen*, in it was known as the southern Indian Ocean. Her papers were in order. She was registered in Brittany and she was for sale for \$75,000. She would need to be modified to accommodate the forty-two mercenaries, but Denard was satisfied. Guillaumet arranged to purchase the crawler through his company and continued to act as a legitimate broker. He signed a contract with an Argentinian firm of oil speculators which stated that the *Atlante* would be engaged in searches for drilling oil off the shores of Argentina.

Meanwhile, Denard and his two senior officers set about acquiring other supplies. They bought twelve magazines from



four pairs of ugly bandoliers, and four powerful walrus-tusk In Pano, Desord purchased three inflatable rubber landing craft—a black one made Zacher and two green Siksingers with fly-leopower Johnson engines and rubber muffers. These little boats would transport the marooners from the Atchere to the beach.

At a smart Right Bank sporting goods store, Gay Cardiel bought the weapons the marooners would require. Desord had decided against elaborate weaponry. His plan of attack was based on two simple axioms he had learned in the Congo ten years before: One, African soldiers have a fear of fighting in the dark, and two, surprise. They would therefore attack at night, and the weapons would be accurate and loud. To this end, Cardiel purchased fifty shotgun—twenty-five Remington-Union-Swampy and twenty-five Beretta twelve-gauge gas automatic shotguns. He also bought four Winchester 410s, normally used for hunting elephants. Because the guns were being exported, they were placed in bond until they left the country.

On Friday morning, March 25, having successfully cleared customs and immigration, the Atchere slipped from her berth at Brest and moved out into the Gironde channel. An hour later she veered south into the Atlantic Ocean. Only then did Desord send a coded message to Ahmed Abdiullah in Paris saying they had cleared port and were on their way. On board with Desord were twenty marooners in civilian dress. One of them, René, would act as cook. At the last minute, René decided to bring along his pet Belgian Albatross, Rolo. Desord also had weapons, the dog prowled the bow of the boat and barked at swarming sea gulls.

The Atchere headed south for Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands. There she would take aboard additional supplies and the remaining twenty-six marooners—going to sea and traveling under their own power. Two days out into the North Atlantic, the Atchere encountered heavy gales. It took almost a week to reach Las Palmas, where she arrived on the night of March 31.

The Atchere remained in Las Palmas for fifteen days, repairing damage to the steering and the hull and taking aboard supplies

for a voyage of three months. It would not take nearly that long to reach the Comoros, but Desord wanted extra supplies in the event his steamer failed and he was forced to return to some distant port. A washing machine was installed, and food and medical supplies, extra rooms of cigarettes and twenty cases of wine was brought aboard. Among the supplies were twenty-four bottles of Don Perignon to celebrate what the marooners hoped would be a triumphant coup d'état. Because Las Palmas is an international port with heavy shipping traffic and regular customs checks, the other twenty-six marooners had no difficulty coming aboard unnoticed. On April 15, three hours after the last marooner had boarded, the Atchere set sail for Argentina.

There was little or nothing to do at sea. A few of the marooners attempted to fish but had no luck. They strung a large net in the trawler's wake to protect themselves from the Africans and from passing planes and ships. There they did exercise, jumped rope, and bowed to keep in shape. On the second night at sea, Desord gathered the men below deck and, for the first time, outlined their mission. Producing detailed maps and photographs

of Grand Comoro, he carefully explained each man's task and target.

Ten days out of Las Palmas, at about 25 degrees latitude in the south, the Atchere changed course. Instead of heading west toward Argentina, she veered southeast toward the Cape of Good Hope. There was much rough weather round the Cape, and most of the marooners suffered sea sickness.

In the southern straits of the Mozambique Channel, the land-sight was brought in check and salted. The men were issued weapons, though they were not tested for fear of serious accident. There were just two days remaining before they reached the target area. It had been a twenty-eight-day voyage, and the men were eager to get ashore.

On Saturday, May 13, just before two o'clock in the morning, the Atchere cut her engines about two and a half kilometers off Moroni. None of them had been able to sleep that night. At one o'clock they had eaten a light dinner. Two days before Desord had forbidden the drinking of wine. He went over the maps and the photographs with his squad leaders again. He explained that



On Saturday, May 13, 1974, at two o'clock in the morning, Desord and forty-five marooners glided in three assault craft to the beach on Grand Comoro. There was no moon, and the place was deserted. One group made for the army camp. Desord and his men headed for the palace.

"I don't know what the Africans are so upset about," said Denard as he ran the Comoran government. "At least they know where I am. If they drive me out, who knows where I will turn up next?"



Wielding a stick, the hags from an old woman. Denard, second from left, watches his mercenaries fence off a jungle roadway.

If anything were wrong, they should be back on footed before sunrise so that they could put to sea before they were seen. It was understood that the steel and the seriously wounded would be left behind. Putting away the maps, Denard told them that if they performed their tasks properly in tomorrow, they would take the Comoros by dawn. He wished them well, smiled, began to say something else, broke off, and leaped from the room. The mercenaries ran on the tables and snatched at ideas. After midnight, they gathered on the port docks, watching the dark shape of the island coming closer and closer. The African's portholes were slanted out, and the only visible lights were the three little buoys at the end of the quay at Moroni harbor. Denard looked toward the shore and thought of home.

It was a dark night. There was no moon. The weather was good, and the day was expected to be sunny and dry. The assault equipment had been stowed on deck before sundown. The forty-six men were waiting separately in black berths and blue scotch caps pulled down tightly round their heads. Each of them carried a canvas bag filled with washed cupkins and ammunition—a hundred rounds per man. The mercenaries were divided into three groups, each group leader carrying a flare and a walkie-talkie. The flares would be set off inside the white-hot holes to lead to war—see flare up, see success, two for limited resistance, and three for unopposed entry.

No one had spoken for more than an hour since. At two o'clock, the three assault craft were eased into the sea and the mercenaries slipped over the side—about fifteen men to a boat. The boats turned and glided toward the shore in single file so that in the event of an attack from the beach, only the lead boat would be hit. Almost immediately, they went off course and had to adjust their distance. Ten minutes later, on the west side of the reefed moorings, Denard could hear the waves breaking on Lagrange Beach, and beyond he could just make out the mirror shape of Kumbira, the volcano in the sky. He was almost home. With Denard at the lead, Zidani were the first members of his shock team, the only mercenaries wearing blackface. Approaching the beach they jumped overhead, waded ashore, and then, turning out, appeared in haphazard patterns across the beach looking for opposition. There was no one at the old Lagrange

beach, which had been closed and abandoned for several years. Nor was there anyone in the little white mosque on the other side of the shore road. The team leader returned to the beach and waved the assault craft in. The mercenaries were on the beach and in position by two-thirty in the morning.

It was very quiet. One of the mercenaries ran across the beach road and cut the telephone wires to the palace. The man then split up into three separate teams. Eleven men led by Denard were to attack the palace. The second team of twenty-two men turned north up the shore road to Camp Vaudou, the main army barracks some three miles away. Five mercenaries were positioned at the crossroads of the palace and shore roads in waiting, passing men or pedestrians. Three mercenaries were left to guard the assault craft while two of the others remained aboard the African.

The palace was about a mile up the steep hill. Denard led the way, the other men straggling at a single file behind him. Because of his lead, Denard heard the crash of the shell and he knew he was slowing down his men. After half an hour on the hill, they encountered one drunken housekeeper and ordered him to return to his home. Dribbling, the man stumbled into the bush at the side of the road.

Just below the palace, round a curve in the road, was the gatehouse. There were two sentries standing outside, one of whom was asleep. As the mercenaries neared the main gate, a flurry of shots rang out from the sentry box, but none of the mercenaries was hit. Four of the mercenaries emptied their shotguns and aimed both parties. The sleeping sentry woke and fired his Kalashnikov rifle at Captain Gerard but the gate jammed and the automatic jammed him down. The other sentry turned and ran, but he was shot before he reached the gatehouse gate.

Now the five mercenaries, waiting below at the crossroads, moved up the hill. They guarded the gatehouse while Denard and his team continued up the hill to the palace. As they reached the second curve in the road, they heard a car coming slowly down the hill. Soon, an old Citroën appeared with its lights cranked. Denard ordered the car to stop, but it continued to move toward them. Denard opened fire, blowing up the wind-

shield the Citroën veered off the road and struck a tree. There was only one passenger, the driver, and he was dead. It was not until the next day that Denard learned that he was Ali Solih's chief lieutenant. They continued to climb the hill.

Round the last curve in the road was the palace. It was completely unguarded, and the interior rooms were empty. The twelve mercenaries fanned across the open ground and burst through the main door. Denard was the first to enter the palace's main reception hall, on the second floor. There, sitting on one of the sofas, was Ali Solih. He was fully dressed. A woman in a naked gait covered an other side of him. The head of state had been asleep but hearing shots had awoken, dressed, and waited. There was little pain in resistance, his two main bodyguards were on the distant island of Anjouan, and on the advice of one of his generals, he had ordered the palace guard the week before. Suspecting a trap, Denard waved his gun toward the rebels, but there was no one there except Ali and the two girls. Denard pointed his gun at Ali. "Do you remember me?" he said. "Yes," said the president. "You were the only man who could have done this to me."

Just after three o'clock in the morning, the last officer of repeated rifle fire was heard from the direction of Camp Vaudou. Twenty-two mercenaries had attacked the army barracks, meeting only limited resistance. The guards had been surprised and frightened, six of them were killed in the first assault. From inside the barracks there had been sporadic fire, which stopped when Major Guy Chaudron warned the soldiers that if they did not come out he would raise the flamethrower on them. The major did not have a flamethrower, and moments later some forty Comoran troops surrendered. The mercenaries did not lose a single man. Shortly after four o'clock, Captain Gerard set off a single flare so that his colleagues should the Africans would know the mission had been accomplished successfully.

The mercenaries now controlled the palace, the gatehouse, and Camp Vaudou. They had seized the cable and wireless offices in the town square, the airport, and the radio station on the southern side of Moroni. At sunrise, some 300 people looked up the hill to see Ali Solih, imprisoned in the palace. The mercenaries regrouped in the town square, leaving five men to guard the palace and ten at Camp Vaudou. As light broke on the hillside capital, large crowds of Comorans filled on the streets, waving handkerchiefs and screaming joyful cries of joy. They then resumed the thinking of peace.

At nine-thirty that morning, Denard telephoned Ali Solih in Paris and told him he could now come home. In Paris, Ali Solih promptly announced to the press that the leaders of the coup had appeared to him to return home and help form a government. This would be falsely reported. Denard did not tell the international press that his mercenaries had already broken into the national treasury, where they had found only \$18,000, nor did he mention that they were interrogating Ali Solih as to the whereabouts of his country's assets.

Almost at once, from the coast, brought back by Belgian Airlines, where he was welcomed by his wife, his daughter, Rene and the dog walked up Lagrange Beach, dressed in casual gear, gathered along the shore road applying the physical manifestations of their wish doctor's prophecies. Unaware of his significance, Kiki chased his gun in the car.

At eleven o'clock, Robert Denard made a brief speech over the national radio. He began by introducing himself as Colonel René Moukoko Moukoko and told his listeners that they could call him Colonel Papa for short. (Moukoko is a typical Comoran name, the name of the island's largest tribe; it denotes a desire to live in old age.) Colonel Moukoko assured the population that Ali Solih was in prison and that a new political military structure had been created.

Colonel Moukoko admitted that he was not Comoran by birth but that he felt Comoran in his heart. To that end, he had adopted the Malien flag and intended to remain in the Comoran forever. "Now I am old," he said. "I will fly fifty years of age this year. I am tired, and I will soon be up old men. I will stay here, to take a Comoran girl as my wife, a girl as young and

as beautiful as possible, like all Comoran girls." His Congress was contained in one sentence. The rebel then turned those young ladies who were not otherwise attached to stop forward for his consideration. He concluded by saying that the new republic would reform its laws in a few days and when that his subjects remain calm. When Denard finished, the disc jockey played the four-year-old recording of the Comoran national anthem. It did not, as it usually did, get stuck between the second and third verses.

IV

It is not easy being king, particularly when the kingdom has fallen into chaos and anarchy. But Robert Denard was an absolute man. He would do his duty.

And so during the first weeks of his reign, Denard and his technicians set about making things function. His main concern was to set up a chief of security, controller of communications, a chief of police, a chief of surveillance, director of prisons. Denard himself was chief of police and commander of the army. They cleaned the streets. They whitewashed the last revolutionary signs that Ali's regime had painted on the mosques and the cows walls. They cleaned the old air base from the two old DC-8s of Air Comore. They put a hundred members of the Comandante Maki, Ali's son, his relations and retainers, to work in the towns as assistant laborers. They freed 300 political prisoners, though in the first few months 50 others were imprisoned. Denard imposed an all-night curfew and limited travel between the islands. Now there was order and discipline again. Denard felt a sense of extraordinary satisfaction.

Two weeks after the coup, Ahmed Abdallah returned to the Comoros. He was probably planned to be home, but within the hour, his skepticism began to erode from grave concern. Denard was jubilant, telling his circumstance. "At last I know what Abdallah wanted that his subjects referred to Denard as 'the number one president' and that his democratic government was being ruled 'a parliamentarian democracy'." Between the airport and Abdallah's summer residence, the road was lined with cheering throngs, many of whom were T-shirts emblazoned with the name Robert Denard.

That same month, in a simple ceremony at the little mosque by the sea, Denard formally adopted the Malien flag. He also chose a wife, then Marie Mami who had consorted with Ali Solih. The pretty twenty-year-old accepted his marriage proposal immediately. He had preferred marriage with Denise in Kenya, on with Ali Solih. Mami was the first of three wives Denard acquired that month, and the happy quartet moved into a large house behind the Kumbira Hotel.

Despite daily interrogations, Ali Solih refused to talk. He would say only what he wanted. Denard asked him several times to give a public performance in the palace, particularly on those concerning the whereabouts of his golden hoard. Ali Solih shrugged and turned his face to the wall.

On May 24, at three o'clock in the morning, Josef, the young bartender at L'Éclat d'Afrique, while serving a Rumel to a power minister, heard the sound of two sharp pistol shots and when he came to the lobby, a half an hour later, one of the mercenaries came into the bar. "We have killed the killer," he said. It was announced the next day that Ali Solih "had been shot while trying to escape." Forty days of celebration were declared in Grand Comore. As Ali Solih's body was dumped in the back of a Lancia Roadster, he was not so much shot as he was hit, getting dropped over the back, could be seen, and he was driven through the crowded streets of the capital. The newspaper danced behind the Lancia Rover, leaving a wake of dust and leaving a memory.

Later that afternoon, Denard and his newly sworn mercenaries drove up the steep, rough track to Chibuto, the village of Ali Solih's mother. The mercenaries came in uniform, not in black



The Common head of state sits on a sofa when Donnard bursts into the police interrogation room. He had heard that, dressed himself, and now. A young girl covered in either robe of him. "Do you remember me?" asked Donnard. "Yes. You were the only man who could have done this."

berly drove her in the blue sedan of the Comoros army. Sekou Ah Solih's only son in the prison in a straitjacket. Doudou told the dictator's only-one non-old mother, "Here is Ah Solih." The old woman, her hands and elbows, hunched toward the monster and wailed. There were two wet bullet holes in her son's chest.

That morning, on the radio, the grand emir told the faithful that he had forgiven Ah Solih the traditional Muslim burial ceremony so that he would be able to enter paradise. But in the holy yard in front of her house, the dictator's mother buried her son with full Muslim rituals anyway. There is only a small, square, white-washed tombstone to mark his resting place. As an afterthought, someone scratched Ah Solih's name in the wet cement. It was unreciprocated.

Doudou put Ah's death behind him, he had other, more pressing concerns. He was least with rebels both inside and outside the kingdom. At home, Ahmed Abdallah grew increasingly dissatisfied at being thought of as Doudou's inferior. And abroad, in July, at a summit conference of the Organization of African Unity in Khartoum, the Comoros delegates were expelled, and the president of African leaders, outraged that no African nation was being controlled by a white man, threatened to boycott the General Assembly of the United Nations should the Comoros delegation take the floor. After his usual fashion, Mr. Amr threatened to invade the Comoros. "I don't know when the Africans are so stupid," said Doudou. "At least they know when I am. If they drive me out, I will disappear, and who knows where I will end up next?" But he was not overly perturbed. "If the Comoros people want me or not," he said, "it will then be the Comoros to decide."

During the late summer, additional trouble came from an unexpected source—his forty-five-year-old son, Doudou's only one, Thoreau, a failed dental student, had followed his leader's example and taken the Muslim faith. The little blond mercenary with the hairless comacine took the name of Abdi Kaffi (servant of God) and a Comoros wife.

But the rest of Doudou's son had not been so easily seduced. They had been hired in the Comoros with promises of school and money and beautiful, exotic girls. But there had been little school. By August, the money was running out, and they had concerned with protest girls in the back streets of Moroni. In the beginning, the Comoros were probably to be seen as a good employer, as driving took them to the mountains, but the men were now being as disgruntled and bored. This summer they sat around in La Rose Noire drinking weak wine and talking ponderously of going home.

By summer's end, only half of the mercenary forces remained. They were replaced with new recruits, and on leaving they were given Comoros diplomatic passports. Their French passports were not stamped so that no one would ever know they had been to the Comoros. Doudou was disappointed and charged the mercenaries with a lack of discipline. But he had no real base for enforcement. He was a true emir. He had a kingdom to run.

During the late summer, he was seen everywhere in the island like a new Mac Comoros: in the villages and down around the market in a new black, Comoros Kaftan. The Comoros, the Doudou's wife, had belonged to Ah Solih.

Doudou had controlled the Comoros for four months now, and the island remained much as it had always been. Little or nothing ever got done. Minor problems appeared to require a cabinet decision. Almost everyone was distrustful and contemptuous. No one wanted to work for the government because everyone knew it was corrupt. Nothing worked as it was supposed to. It was the sort of place where in the dry season it always rained.

In mid-September, Ahmed Abdallah and his co-president, Mohammed Ahmed, were summoned to Paris for talks with General d'Estaing. Ah Solih had been prisoner enough for the French, but now, using his situation of prisoner diplomacy and knowledge of French-African enmities, Paris decided to negotiate. Whatever the cost, the government authorities felt the Comoros must remain in the French fold. And if necessary, Doudou himself would have to go.

V had been in the Comoros for several days when the two presidents returned from Paris. No one, neither the local businessmen, the power brokers, nor the businessmen themselves, knew what was happening. They knew only that in Paris a decision had been made that would affect them all. The presidents were greeted at the airport by Doudou and his men. There were the usual military formalities.

The following morning, President Ahmed Abdallah at his summer residence. The president wore a white kaftan, a blue sash, a red-and-gray rugematani. He served myself Fanta and Coca-Cola. Two silver glasses stood just inside the door. The president politely expressed that Doudou and his invitation would have to leave the Comoros. He had decided. He had the confidence of a state to whom France had given firm assistance. "Colonel Doudou has no title and no official position in this government," he said. "None. He never did have. We are grateful to him. And he is always welcome to return." As a toast. "The president smiled and lit a cigarette. "Would you like some more orange Fanta?" he said.

The president went on to explain that in eight days there would be a national referendum to ratify the new Comoros constitution. The constitution had been published the day before. It provided that only 15 percent of the population was illiterate. The president said he had taken this into consideration. He had ordered the persons of the commission to read each day over the national radio. The president said he did not know how many of his people had read.

That afternoon, Captain Gerard asked me to come to the national parliament. The colonel, he said, had something important to say. At the parliament, Doudou sat behind his desk, the back of a smile on his face, the blue eyes cold and cold. He was in uniform—the beautiful elephant hair coat he wore, the pistol slung to his side, the privy and endless, and the five rows of military ribbons on his chest.

"When I came here, it was like me," he said. "I came to do something here. It was a new view to myself. I am proud of what I did and my men are free men who choose to which side they fight. I am not ashamed. To do something against your own is a great solution. I am pleased with Africa's situation with me. They will see the will of the Comoros, and the Comoros citizens will be pleased that I am here and not somewhere else. What I have done I have done in good conscience. I have never betrayed my country."

"When I leave for Bordeaux, I will leave my usual behind. I didn't come to play. On the contrary, I paid to come. I accepted the salary of a secretary but that of a worker. I had a sentimental attachment to the Comoros and for my friends here, most of whom were in jail. I wanted to deliver them, to deliver the country, and I did. I gave them power and dignity."

"Yes, I will leave my sword behind," he said, "because otherwise my heart will leave me too. God knows, I wanted to stop, but the quality of a good chief is to sacrifice himself for what he loves. I really wanted to stay. I believe this." Doudou shrugged and looked away. "Well," he said, "it is not forbidden to drink."

Three days later, at the little airport in Grand Comoros, there was a public ceremony. A large crowd of Comorians joined the airport staff. President Ahmed Abdallah, his co-president, and all of his cabinet ministers were in attendance. Crack units of the Comorians stood on parade. The mercenaries were in civilian clothes. Out of uniform, Doudou looked ordinary, rubicund. His feet were still laid vacant. There he felt grateful for his men. Doudou's three wives stood in the distance holding beer bottles to their eyes. Doudou did not look at them. In the applause of the crowd, President Abdallah conferred on Colonel Doudou the title of national hero. The military band played the Comoros national anthem. And because it was the dry season it began to rain.



Doudou laid the body of Ah Solih, the Comoros head of state, in the wings of Charenton and placed it before Ah's only-one non-old mother.

WEEKENDS IN TOWN

The idea is to strike a balance between dressing up and dressing to escape from it all



Above: The look is made by casual evening. Brown linen shirt, \$35, at Pauline's, Moore Macy's, New York; Dillard's, Phoenix. Cotton-crepe knit sweater, \$30, at Dayton's, Minneapolis; Macy's, San Francisco; Alton's, Boston. Cotton-crepe knit suit, \$37.50, at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; J. L. Hudson, Denver. Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. Denim jeans with five pockets, \$37, from Calvin Klein. The woman's clothes are by Calvin Klein.

Not everyone has bought the idea that the way to get rid of the stresses of the week is to head for the country. Right in the heart of the city will do just as well, maybe even better, as more and more people are finding out. There is a lot to do in town, of course, but the point is that there are a lot of relaxing things to do: long lunches at swanky pubs, for instance. However, it's no good turning up for these things in jeans and sweaters, because that's how people there in the country. The trick for spring weekends in town is to dress up enough to match the surroundings and down enough to show that this is fun, and the ordinary urban grind.

At night, The man standing wears a flyfisher shirt, \$35, and slim, straight-leg trousers, \$95, by Corson 1881 at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Whetton's, New Orleans; Paris de Meets, New York. His belt by Tiram. Cotton shirt, for night, \$40, is worn under a second shirt, a pleated linen-and-cotton one, \$35, and with cotton trousers, \$55, all by Jean-Paul Gaultier, New York. At a Head of Time, Miami. Denim for Mrs. Chicago. Windward/Looking, Whistler, D.C. The weekend outfit for the woman is by Betty Watson.





The style here for urban relaxing is smart but relaxed. The men's crew neck pullover, shown in cotton, \$45, and his trousers, \$65, are of linen and cotton, from Jean-Paul Gaultier, New York, at *A Brief of Time*, Miami. Dents for Mrs. Chicago, *Wardrobe/Lingerie*, Washington, D.C. The men wear a sweater in open-weave cotton shirt, \$15, under a cord-on neck-tied doublet, \$135, and cotton ribbed-trouser, \$65, by Corbin 1321, at *Charcoal*, New York, and *Melrose of California*, Los Angeles. *Chicagoland's* linen jacket, far right, is \$80. Under it, a cotton-oxford knit shirt with wide-spread cuffs and waist, \$42.50. Tapered, jeans-wash cotton trousers, \$30, are by *San Clemente* and are at *Abraham & Strauss*, New York. The two women's outfits here are by *Edgy Bazaar*.

John

Illustration by Paul Fagan

Illustration by Paul Fagan



*You will look and feel
more comfortable
in sweeter clothes
designed by
John W ritz.*

*Consider
the lustrous
flame blend suit.
The color is cool,
the fabric breathes.
This suit remains
undisturbed
in weather
that would wilt
a lesser suit.*

*The open-venter blazer,
in a warm blend,
is equally flawless.*

*Both are proudly
American. And both
uphold a cherished
John W ritz belief:
The distinction lies
in how the man looks,
not in how much
he pays.*

*The John W ritz
Signature Collection
by Paula Beach.*

W ritz

John W ritz. The American designer for the American man.

The Fables and Follies Of Tax Shelters

This year's crop of wishful strategies

by Andrew Tobias

King as it is to pay
half of every dollar in
income tax, there is a
consolation. At least
you get to keep the
other half!

In trying to hang
on to the few fifty
cents as well—as natural instinct. Like
dangling to avoid a punch or pinning at
the sight of a textbook—it is not recom-
mendable that you will lose the whole dollar

some vague way ahead! Simon headlined
his review "P S Is It Your Play?" Return
after four years on my \$1,500 investment
\$568

The idea of a theatrical tax shelter—if
you can even call it that ("Contribution
to the arts" might be a better term)—is to
deduct your investment this year and then
recoup it—and more—in future years. If
it works, all you really accomplish it is
transfer income from this year's tax bur-
den to that of future years. At worst, near
delirium, you are merely delaying, not elimi-
nating, your liability (I also invested in a
Mike Nichols play, *Constellations*, that got
the highest reviews I observed but almost
immediately, and in a third show, *Crossings*, that closed even before I could
see it.)

I have once learned that there are far
better, bigger, more complex and sophis-
ticated ways to shelter money from taxes—
and, in the process, in fact, I have writ-
ten about this before (Equity, January
1978) but, like wine or roses, tax shel-
ters never really disappear. There is a new
crop every year.

BROADWAY ANGEL



The first tax shelter I ever participated
in involved \$1,500 and a play called *P.S.
Your Cat Is Dead*.* I was through the
investment I learned Broadway angels had
to pay for their opening-night seats. Never
mind, I bought them anyway. And who
should I find myself sitting behind—natu-
rally, behind whom should I find myself sit-
ting—but the venerable Jane Farrow.

"John," I said, drawing shamelessly on
our passing acquaintance, "I have a stake
in the show—and I hope you won't drop
it through my heart." Just kidding, of
course, but John is imaginative, or, sim-
ply so, so I thought the inquiry might be
"Based on the way things look by James
Kardel. Kardel was opening another play the
same month in Charles Lewis. But that one was
not open to public scrutiny.

Convincing editor Andrew Tobias's book
The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever
Need is now a Barnes paperback.

Illustrations by Tim Fagan

New York Colonians in late 1978 (you
mustn't mind!) From the brochure.

Registered Black Angus Cattle can be an invest-
ment's dream. They offer you, the investor, an
opportunity to invest for top-grade meat animals
like the "Scotch Star" of the neighborhood home
cooking. It also offers the romance of owning
your own cattle and rearing the ranches where
they are maintained and bred.

It's a long back to one's roots, the Old West,
simple the good old days (You know—before
they started the movement to make which
appears to make the 70% additional five-year
depreciation, which also applies, and the
\$17,000 in management fees all described else-
where in the brochure.) Although registered as
an art investment and not a stock, the Farnish
the Spectacular Chase for a Fox Pardo and
Barnyard Tax Shelter.

Not only that, but each potential invest-
or is given a card to which is affixed his or
her own personal value—and I do mean
value—of precisely 100-percent-pure Black
Angus bull semen.

Financially offering in the Old West
surely is a fine company is located in Mi-
ami, so one I know invested in this particu-
lar deal, so I cannot report results.

CATTLE BREEDING



You have doubtless heard (for example,
of cattle breeding tax shelters, when you
buy a bull and three cows now, which
upon consummation of much fruit and by
means of much farm work, will eventually
multiply your tax-deductible investment
into dozens of headstags at \$129 a
piece). That sort of thing I ran into one
such deal at "The Money Show" at the

BEEFALO



I do have a friend, however, who's into
beafalo. Beafalo are—well, I guess it's fairly
obvious what beafalo are. My friend
bought three of them a couple of years
ago, and then shipped one to him for
the purpose to update New York (that
part of the investment was worked out
nicely, anyway), and I had a couple of fol-
lows to look after them. From the back of

MARCH 27 1979/EQUUS 15 35

the beafo, this man is persuaded will cause the understanding of someone he would normally be regarded as not to breed all the thoroughbred battle bulls he can.

Yes, he is living, money-mining beafo without looking to sell any, and as this may be lowering his market value, but when the world came to beafo, it will, of necessity, turn to those few thousandish individuals like my friend, whose bulls will stand ready—and eager—to impregnate the breeding herd.

Imagine my friend's dilemma, therefore, when he learned recently that his beafo was about to give birth (the good news) but that they were without any quantity, a full ten months early (the bad news). If that the beafo produced period had been immediately diagnosed as one of the bulls from the neighboring province had jumped the fence, swarmed my friend's beafo and with them, his tax shelter.

OIL AND GAS



Clark thought, you say. Being in the oil and the gas. And it's true. For the average individual, real estate and oil and gas deals are about the only relatively profitable ways to achieve modest efficiency. The deal at hand, I want to state was with whom have I seen from business school, one of whom has since fled the country. I am not implying it was a deal that I have yet to see a dime.

The second deal, I did not go into it, but was the creation of a dissuade (You are thinking "No" The one he didn't go into was the pooling gain). Not quite. The deal offered a guaranteed oil well, all my very own, at just very own—for just \$25,000. Admittedly, the well was not guaranteed to produce at any specific rate of flow. But even a few barrels a day, at \$14 a barrel, adds up to the course of a 145 day year. These wells were to be drilled in places where you could hardly avoid having hydrocarbons, and the drilling was done at the sand at the seabed will almost certainly draw seawater after a few feet. On the off chance the driller did not—well, then he would drill you a second hole at his own, relatively minimal, expense.

My own well, a driller, perhaps, but one that would allow me to deduct more than the \$25,000 from my 1977 taxable income and that would provide a pleasing stream of (modestly taxable) equity checks for years and years to come. I must say the idea was

appealing when it was first presented.

I agreed with splitting the investment with a partner, I read the lengthy prospectus to two or three times—all right, I skinned it—and tried to puzzle out the pitfalls. I checked out my dissuade's qualifications. Imperfectly.

My dissuade, for his part, had checked out the driller's qualifications—also, imperfectly. And although I finally decided the stakes were too high for me, "partner" or so, he actually managed to attract about a million dollars to the deal, at \$25,000 a share.

As it turned out, the driller, whose reputation is now probably dimmed, took the million dollars and relocated. Somewhere. My friend—at least as devastated as the investors who had sought a million dollars investment of his deal in the deal—in the process of trying to make good the money out of his own pocket. It could be a long process.

THE GOOD DEALS



I was not trying to give the impression that all tax shelter deals are lousy. All but 3 percent are not. I know of one investment banker, for example who managed to put a zero-sum-of-the-horrible deal from about 1970 through a way to wipe out his entire 1977 tax bill while actually producing enough oil revenue to put him in even greater need of tax shelter. For 1978, said it would appear, the next decade or two. After all, there is oil in the ground, it is in much demand, and some one has to find it. It just never seems to be us. (That particular deal was not open to the general public—not a dealer or a dealer in the world.)

Consequently, you become 3 percent of the tax shelter deals are good (if that's the number) but are not assured a one-in-twenty chance of finding a good one. Unless you are very favorably situated—as a partner in a large investment of accounting or law firm, for example—you may never get to see the really good deals. Why? Simply because the lawyers and investment guys who design the deals in the first place are in serious need of oil shelter themselves, know the tax associations and others who peddle them. So if the deal is really good, it is likely to sell out to the firm long before there might be a half unit or two left for the poor little fellow, the professional, or your wife. Look, the investment, or even your brother-in-law, know, the marriage will produce. The chance

are good that by the time the latest partnership papers for your deal—well, almost passed (third)—several more savvy investors, who saw it first, will have already passed it.

One reason to this—of sorts, anyway—is to set up your own tax shelter. You can with a bunch of guys and develop your own shopping center. Build your own partnership center, build your own Black Angus—and structure the deal yourselves. Obviously this is much more work, but earning good money too.

MINOR LEAGUE CROCKERY



One fellow who had submitted to observe the attorney's rule in Robert Farrow, a business owner whose partnership with his shelter had been ultimately to put together a partnership called *Shelton or Plan English* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.50). Some of Farrow's friends decided to shelter their income a few years ago by setting up a minor league hockey team in New York and Chicago—Miami, Georgia (Barry a better choice than, say, Key West or Port of Spain). Farrow contributed, along with his friends, the idea for the name of the team: the *Minor League Whoppers*.

As he subsequently explained it, "The tax shelter in the Whoppers was the accidental depreciation of the players' contracts. If a player had a \$300,000 per contract, you could get a \$400,000 the first year but take an additional \$30,000 in depreciation on his contract."

Whoppers. "As it turned out," Farrow continued, "you couldn't take the depreciation this way for the first two years, only in the third." (A parallel to the loophole.) "The big lesson there is to do your homework. But more important," continues Farrow, "the key to the Whoppers' failure"—for of course the team failed, off the ice and into obscurity in about the time it taken to pay off a creditor's ledger and passed his face into a credit record—"is that it was sold as a tax shelter when it should have been sold as an investment. And this is the biggest failure of the entire tax shelter industry. Time and again, that is the message. Never invest in a deal like this as long as you're—the primary attraction must be its business appeal. With the new tax law, this has become even more essential. You can no longer make money after tax by losing a liability tax.

THE TAX PRO



The new word in tax shelter investing is retirement," says Stuart Becker, who runs a high-powered tax accounting firm in New York. "A lot of us make more as an accountant than as a tax shelter investor."

The biggest bludge is that from 1979 on—except in real estate—you may no longer deduct more to some deal than you actually lose. That's what Becker says is the only way you can get a \$12,000 deduction—no more. You get \$12,000 in taxes—no more. In real estate, \$12,000 is a lot. It used to be that you could risk, say, \$1,000 to get \$12,000 deduction. So if the deal went bad, it is essentially dead. The deduction would be gone, and you're out of it. This is no longer.

The reason of this change is important. It is not unreasonable to encourage people to risk money in projects they think will make a profit. Investment is a good thing. And if profits do, investment, even more, will eventually be collected. That is quite different from encouraging people to invest in unproductive projects or allowing them to delay taxes by shifting some payments without ever making any real investment at all.

(To do this deal—and long continue—development is the last possible moment, some tax specialists have been structuring deals, specifically for retirement, such as the partnership corporation model, and people set up for themselves that capital out on a fixed tax year. Years ending as late as November 30, 1979 will be treated for all purposes under the 1978 rules.) Another change, too, the IRS is gradually becoming bolder at probing tax shelter deals and throwing out the large number that stick. For example, if a report keeps coming in that the deal never met personally, it is argued in the right to a record album by a group of musicians he had never been in addition to the \$10,000 in cash he signed a "non-roommate" note for another \$10,000 and wrote off the full \$20,000 against his 1977 income, then disallowed all tax. "Non-roommate" note that the loss would only be repaid from proceeds, if any, from the album—Ralph would not be liable for the money otherwise.

Ralph told Farrow that he "couldn't stand as such" that deal, pushing again in November of 1978. He had just signed up for a second major recording deal with

ducks thrown out without flapping the wings of all the other participants.

In fact, the big gamble was a disaster, and it is some considerable time since we saw a sign that they will escape debt. Or that if audited, these shelters will square past an unimpeached or belatedly settled.

Take, for example, the Treasury bill scandal that many sophisticated investors have been doing recently to shift income from one year to the next. The legal questions are extremely fine, but the interest of the matter is that it is almost certainly illegal. Buying and selling comparable T-bill futures contracts of different maturities, partly for the purpose of trying to beat losses. Investments in two key notes of a retail tax shelter are that risk for involved and that the transaction have a broader purpose other than simply to avoid taxes. You would think that such a scandal would not stand up under close IRS scrutiny.

"That's right," says Becker, who advises his clients, making them "lose" but many of the shenanigans will in fact be exposed to close IRS scrutiny."

The IRS is not satisfied. A tax pro who comes will over \$100,000 a year says it is very rare to find people who really understand the deduction and how to use it. And such sharp again, he says them. Literally the balance of taxpayer resources heavily weighted against the IRS.

MASTER RECORDINGS



And just as a three-year-old would be able to see through some of the deals taxpayers have been signing their names to.

"It's a constant of public and great," says Whoppers, for Farrow, recounting the story of a young stockbroker who sold to Ralph. It seems Ralph sold \$10,000 in cash to some small in the Cayman Islands—perhaps the last, never met personally.

It is argued in the right to a record album by a group of musicians he had never been in addition to the \$10,000 in cash he signed a "non-roommate" note for another \$10,000 and wrote off the full \$20,000 against his 1977 income, then disallowed all tax. "Non-roommate" note that the loss would only be repaid from proceeds, if any, from the album—Ralph would not be liable for the money otherwise.

Ralph told Farrow that he "couldn't stand as such" that deal, pushing again in November of 1978. He had just signed up for a second major recording deal with

roughly the same particulars.

The man is perhaps worried, for he almost certainly is a money loser. And when he is there is a strong likelihood that his record deal will be known out. How the IRS is likely to ask for returns, did he make at \$75,000 is the value of the first album. Why not \$75,000? Why not \$75,000? (The second album, \$75,000.) On this basis alone, Ralph's deductions are likely to be cut back to zero to nothing, which will leave a whopping tax assessment he will have to pay everything he thought he had made as well as a very large fine. Where will he get the money to pay?

WALKING BANKRUPTS

Even on shelters that do pass IRS scrutiny, as many do, money matters to defrauders, are more than in theory, what one does with one's temporary tax savings is to use them gradually so that while the tax shelter is in effect, the money is there to do so. The problem is a great many people start their temporary tax savings instead. Finding that, they may actually be walking bankrupts, with huge tax liabilities hanging over their heads.

Not only one assume that one's account will not cover one there of such profits because he is an expert (Never mind that he is an expert who may be receiving a hefty fee for the selling, not a tax shelter. It is a marketing how much poor tax advice is so to be had—but a price, or less. With that in mind we have offered at least a few of the events that some-oriented tax advisers have to offer.

Never go into a deal that is a piece at the last moment. This is the worst way to get burned.

Never go into a deal that, were it not for its supposed tax benefits, would be disastrous.

Never go into a deal that seems too good to be true.

Avoid deals that seem particularly "lame" or bizarre. (The most obvious the more likely to attract IRS attention.)

Never shelter in more than one deal. (It is argued in the right to a record album by a group of musicians he had never been in addition to the \$10,000 in cash he signed a "non-roommate" note for another \$10,000 and wrote off the full \$20,000 against his 1977 income, then disallowed all tax. "Non-roommate" note that the loss would only be repaid from proceeds, if any, from the album—Ralph would not be liable for the money otherwise.)

Always, ask yourself why, if the deal is so good (or good at all), they are offering it to you.

Avoid deals that are based outside the United States.

If it seems that, other than in real estate, there is no longer any person to whom you can lose. So if you sign up a note as part of the purchase price of a partnership in a shelter, you might someday have to make good on that note, no matter how badly the deal has gone.

Even if all of these seems to have an economic function beyond creating taxes, if that is how it looks to you, then probably how it will look to the IRS, too. 46-

Deadbeats, Live Wires

Hanging Out with McCarthy

by Geoffrey Wolff

It is in Salinger (Random House, \$12.95), Cormac McCarthy's fourth novel. Somehow I passed over the first three, all of them well attended by prominent critics. His first, *The Orchard Keeper*, won prizes from both the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the William Faulkner Foundation. From the first sentence of *Salinger*, which was begun "well before" *The Orchard Keeper*, McCarthy seems to sign his name with the odd syntax and layered cadence of the late professor of Yale's English Studies.

Dear friend now in the dirty chicken holes of the town where the streets are black and crawling in the white of the wastracks and now when the drunks and the hunchbacks have washed up in the lot of white in silver in abandoned lots and now as each neighborhood and town in the great mountain rises now as these scattered tracks in colden corners where lightning bolts make a gutter here of other days in cold white walls were you.

It's all there, in a kind of apprentice homily: the compound words, the left sentences, the river roll of modifiers, the sense of more than meets the eye in a simple variation from the outside to the inside. *Which* through all the sentences will rise. By the third sentence of the novel, an admirer of Faulkner declares that this admirer of Faulkner sometimes lets an ear of tin. "Then dark comes through your iron gullies where the dead keep their own small metaphors." "Small metaphors" is a nice touch, but "you" is. By the following page, the through sentence that McCarthy's purpose is parody. Here is a Knoxville river, in the early 1950s.

Old time and you and retired household architect the river from the first stars of the day. The landscape in the middle of the day, the person. A world beyond all forms, individual and social and discrete: the flows lightfalls in the open before the mountains and the sky. The looking through down and the open eye of all and now and upon the landscape and the forms of the human world. The young birds movement and black and white girls.

The adjective marching in pairs and there are thousands and in the service not of a Tennessee river but of a literary river, an adverbial river carrying in its current.

Geoffrey Wolff is *Esquire* magazine's book critic.



the everyday literary struggle of rubbish, prose, and shoddy tales.

Faulkner's dance is sometimes noticeably complex, often forcing the critic, always choosing the exact words, even at the expense of losing readers unwilling to reach for a dictionary. From the second page of *Salinger*, these words: "Fishes," "news," "spoon," "straps" (in its adjective, "straps"), "straps," "straps," "straps." The *Prisoner of Abraham Lincoln* and *The Sound and the Fury* would take the odd location into the belly of his art and digest it there, making it into nourishment, as though by magic. McCarthy consumes the odd location as a dark swallow a loose plate, without discrimination.

Cormac Salinger, you learn from the plain language of the own jacket, has left his prominent Knoxville family to live on a wooded hillside. Fish, and wonder among the poor, up and down the river. The book, sold by a third person narrator, suggests fragments of his history. He went to a university and married a woman, who had his child. He left them. During the book, the child dies in another town, and Salinger returns for the funeral only to be driven away by his in-laws and a sheriff, a perfect lesson in doom and menace to the child played by James Dickey in the film of *Deliverance*.

Salinger devotes two months, knows too much, runs too little. To be or not to be is a question much on his mind. The book's conventional false ending, followed by a true

false ending has been checked out of this world, presumably to wander with us in the underworld of the dead that opens *Salinger*. But instead, like Mack, he fights not for the territory ahead, closed up and ready for a new life. I guess. Between the first sight of him and the last is one of the most powerful runs of American prose that has ever been my duty to read.

What McCarthy puts words in the mouths of characters, when they speak and respond in speech, he is a true poet. He can write direct, hear the exact effect of certain kinds of metaphors on idiom, repetition for and without and kindness, an entire range of character realized through dialogue.

It's a plain mystery to me why McCarthy is driven to describe cows of farmers seated at lunch counters.

The finest of comedies and first and most honest beauty. They often live pointed, almost, indeed with some nonsense. Tom Mack with his eyes rimmed and various. Great rivers and mountains bring over land and river from in each other by a hundred years. Mackland with milk.

There's McCarthy's course, bottles with to drink, of course. But only he has himself been beatified, blinded even, by the dictionary and by Roger's Thesaurus. He has yielded to the old pit of southern sharp and pointed mystery as it has been fixed through southern Gothic fiction. In the service of words, he creates chaos that are false to life, and to me they feel

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Video to Go

If you're not using your portable Sony Betamax videocassette recorder (S1299) to tape a favorite movie from television, strap it to your shoulder and make your own. With the recorder and Sony's new color camera (S1405), you can make color video programs on compact tape cassettes—up to an hour on a battery charge—and play them back instantly through your TV. At your Sony dealer.



Workout

An alternative to going to a gym is carrying a portable one. The Lifeline Gym (weighing only one and a half pounds) is based on isokinetic exercise, which combines resistance and movement. An instruction book describes the gym's versatility. \$19.99 (plus \$2 postage) from Lifeline Production & Marketing, 30 North Charter St., Madison, Wis. 53703.



Limited Edition

Only 500 special edition Lancia Zepeto convertibles will be imported to the United States in 1979. Built on the Lancia Beta Coupé chassis, the special body is being made by the Italian coach builder, Carrozzeria Zagato. The car has a removable hardtop with roll bar, black leather interior, black exterior with gold stripes and unique emblems—all for about \$11,245. They'll be at Lancia dealers by the end of March.



Fast

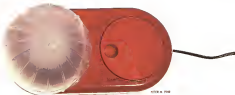
If you know Chassis, the Double Pigeon brand typewriter can help you get your thoughts on paper. For \$1,750, you get 3,900 characters, which are picked up by a gliding head operated by a single key. Now available in the U.S. from the Madsen Factory, One Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Insurance is included.



Olivetti's new totally electronic RT 210 typewriter was designed by architect Mario Botta. It has a memory, an interchangeable gross, wheel, a multi-lined keyboard, visual reader, and much more. The price is \$1,850. Contact the Olivetti Corporation of America, 500 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, for information.

Direct Dial

Fluorac is the name of this Italian lamp designed by the Studio Del Lago. The dial that quietly turns the light on and off is also a dimmer control. Nine colors, long, thin lamp. It's made in red, green, white, and black and can be hung on a wall or used on a desk or the floor. It's 504 (plus \$2 for postage and handling) from Art in Industry, 112 Thompson St., N.Y. N.Y. 10012.



ART IN INDUSTRY

The American Way of Debt

No big raise this year? Do without—or, more likely, borrow more

Can anyone remember when the times were not hard and money not scarce?

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Inflation is now clipping along at over 10 percent a year. What that surely means for most of us is that if your income this year does not increase by 15 percent or so—double Mr. Carter's guidelines—your standard of living will suffer.* Either you will have to get along with buying less than you did last year or else you will have to start borrowing. For most Americans, borrowing is more likely. Indeed, the level of consumer borrowing already has made government officials chawing their fingertips. "Consumers have been going into debt at a sickening rate," says former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board Arthur F. Burns. Here's how some things to keep in mind about borrowing.

Know your debt: According to Walter E. Kunkin, executive vice-president of the National Consumer Finance Association, there are specific guidelines you can use to determine how much credit you can safely handle. In general, he says, you are in good shape if you are paying 10 percent or less of your monthly take-home pay for installment debt. That includes auto loans and some of the principal. If you are paying 20 percent for your least costly month, you should still be able to manage, but you should be very careful about any additional credit. If more than a third of your income goes for debt and debt service, you could very well be in trouble. Note: Mortgage payments should not be included in determining your debt load, but all other forms of credit—charge accounts, personal loans, car payments, credit cards, etc.—should be.

Shop for terms: Banks, finance companies, retailers, and credit card companies do not all charge the same rates of interest. Do major purchases in the store to shop. If you want credit, shop around for the best terms. For example, you will usually save substantially if you take out a personal loan from a

*Consumer prices have been rising at the rate of 12 percent annually, but not included in the consumer price index are personal services such as haircuts and dry cleaning.

William Flanagan writes a regular column on financial matters.



State banks: More of tomorrow's paycheck will go for what you bought yesterday.

bank or a credit union and then buy what you need rather than charge your purchases individually at various stores. For example, in New York State, creditors can charge interest up to 18 percent on the first \$500 of debt. Yet banks are currently charging only about 12 percent for one-year loans, up to about 14 percent annually for three-year loans (slightly less if you are a valued customer of the bank).

Suppose you buy \$1,000 worth of furniture—\$300 worth at each of two stores, using two credit cards. The maximum annual rate of interest could be 18 percent. At a bank, it would be no more than about 12 percent, or \$120. Actually, as an installment loan it would be much less, since to the principal lenders, so does the interest owed. (With charge or credit cards, you often have to pay only what amounts to the interest each month.) Many a consumer gets trapped into using a credit account up to the dollar limit, then pays back without seriously doing the principal.)

On auto loans, the various lenders—banks, finance companies, credit unions, GMAC, General Electric Credit, and so on—usually are very competitive and charge about the same interest rate. The possible exception is the credit unions, where the rate could be slightly lower.

But if your credit was in interest, the terms of the loan can make a difference to your monthly budget. For example, and once money-worth loans are becoming much more common at auto prices, inter-

est rates, and consumer-debt figures can. Provided you buy a car with enough "leak" and maintain it properly, the long-term loan can make sense. Say you need to borrow \$5,000 to buy a new car. One New York bank will charge you the following:

Length Of Loan (months)	Monthly Payments	Total Note
42	\$146.66	\$6,115.32
48	132.68	6,360.32
60	115.22	6,903.20

Thus, although the total cost of the loan is higher for the longer period, the monthly payments are up to \$33 lower.

Note: On any installment loan, there is a penalty for prepaying the loan is full before it is actually due. You don't owe all the interest charges by paying early. If you have a good standing with a bank, your best bet for loans may be to establish a line of credit. The interest rate is about the same or perhaps even lower than that charged for long-term installment loans. And there is no prepayment penalty.

Giving up: If you find you are losing ground each month and cannot pay all your bills, there are places to go for help. The most common is the Consumer Credit Counseling Service, with over 350 branches around the country. The service is supported by a mix of banks, unions, finance companies, and others to help people with debt problems. The creditors' interest is self-serving, of course. If a debtor goes

bankrupt, they could wind up with nothing.

Counselors will go over, item by item, all your monthly expenses and income. The idea is to balance your budget. Indeed, almost half the people who come in for credit counseling want budget advice—not help in repaying loans.

One common source of "income" that many delinquent overlook is income tax. Nine out of ten delinquents say the credit unions, pay too much in tax, then consider the rebate as if it were found money.

Slightly more than half the clients who come to the service centers do need to reorganize their debts—usually by getting creditors to permit them to stretch out their loans or to accept lower interest. Then each month delinquents receive a fixed amount of cash to the credit office, out of which each creditor is paid an appropriate amount. Meanwhile, credit and charge cards are placed in limbo.

The telephone book lists such offices—look under Consumer Credit Counseling.

When you go under bankruptcy comes a terrible stigma in this country, far worse than it should. Consider this: Last month, Chase Manhattan Mortgage and Realty Trust—which loaned money to real estate developers—filed for bankruptcy. It showed liabilities of over \$100 million and assets of only \$270 million. Chase bank was the trust's adviser. If Chase bank had advised a trust that bears its name to go into Chapter XI, an individual who is deep in debt should feel no shame at all and should at least consider the same option.

Although bankruptcy laws are federal, practices differ substantially from state to state because of varying exemptions. But in general, the following apply.

□ The less you owe, the less you have to show—regardless of the amount of debt. But secured loans (mortgages and car loans) and loans made under false pretenses cannot be wiped out. Nor can support payments, alimony, or back taxes (for three years).

□ You can keep your clothes, tools, house furnishings, and, in a number of states, some equity in your home and car.

□ In some states you can still retain ownership of what you have—to fairly market it for example—after filing for bankruptcy. In elsewhere, it could catch in forced charges. So the first person to see before doing anything is a good lawyer (who will usually meet upon being paid up front).

□ Bankruptcy proceedings are usually lengthy, uncomfortable affairs. Before creditors show up to discuss the settling of debts, And the expense you pay for bankruptcy, they are notified of assets and can no longer harass you for payment.

Most personal bankruptcies are low-income citizens. And even though debts to most creditors are wiped out for good when they go under, some arrange to repay those creditors later on. Because they want to rebuild credit. It's something we simply cannot do without.



MATANZA MEANS BLOODBATH! MAGUIRE MEANS BUSINESS! IT'S A DEADLY COMBINATION!

MATANZA by Peter Gentry



He'd hung up his guns, opened a casino in Mexico. Finished with the past. With violence, vengeance, revolutions.

But Corinne came back. He'd made an exception and loved her. Now it might cost him his life.

And Fuentes came back. His eyepatch was a souvenir from Maguire. And Fuentes believed in an eye for an eye.

MAGUIRE: A hero you'll never forget. MATANZA: An adventure you won't be able to put down.

A FAWCETT PAPERBACK \$2.25

Steve Martin

Moment to moment with the wild and crazy guy

Every morning I make my own breakfast, cornflakes with skim milk. And—I think you'll find this interesting—if I don't have skim milk, I go out to the store and buy it.

What I mean to say is that I'm good at surviving. For instance, in my house I have two plates and a bowl, which would seem to make it hard to have people home for dinner. But so. What I'll do is serve newspaper, prepared a special way rolled up with the edges now and its folded in better. You cut this dish directly from your hands.

I don't have pens either. I've got an electric stove, and I put things directly on the coils. So when I've done it hard some one to pick things up from the stove. I pay her \$2,000 a day.

It's nice to have money for things like that. But the kind of money that's coming in now can also cause problems. See, for instance, I want to send the kids to public school. Now that I've made it, I have to keep making. Otherwise people will think I've changed. When people ask if success has changed me, I want to be able to tell them, "No, I'm an ambulatory film camera and I'm still a machine."

I'd like to be interrupted my day with meals, so lunch breakfast I'll immediately have lunch and dinner. Then I can go about my day.

When I get to the office, I begin working on the script of my movie, *The Jerk*, with Carl Reiner, who'll be directing it. We always use my paper during these sessions. That's because my paper is funnier. I've got comedy paper that I've been using since college. They don't make it anymore. You know how some paper is just to read? Well, this paper will always joke you out. It won't make up new jokes, just repeat. I originally wrote on this paper.

Therapist me. The next morning I came back and it had changed to "Therapist me." At first the phrase seemed "crazy, crazy wild guy." The paper made it "wild and crazy guy." Obviously the paper is reliable, so I keep all kinds of funny paper in the house for protection. One time I was riding a car through a herd of other comedians, but they made off with the

Marty Stein is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



"I have two plates and a bowl, which would seem to make it hard to have people home for dinner. But so. I'll serve newspaper prepared a special way. You eat this from your hands."

wrong paper, they tried to use it and they bombed, and now they're out of the business.

I have a philosophy of film. I think it's wrong to see a picture knowing what you're going to do. That just put you too locked in. The paper is helpful here. Last night, for instance, we wrote a scene at the interior of a western dance hall that was entitled "Steve Goes Loco." Well, we looked at it at first morning and it read, "Steve Goes Loco." We figure the paper knows—right?—so we're bringing a locomotive to the dance hall. Now our options are open. We've got some set in an 1890s saloon, a couple in Kansas, and then there's the seventeenth-century French also scene. And as we write the scene up, we send them individually to Charles Chaplin, the film critic for the *L.A. Times*, who reviews them in the next day's paper. So he's given us six or five really fantastic reviews, about twenty times and the next day.

So that's our routine, just going over our material on our special paper. Unless, of course, it happens to be Wednesday. My toilet habits are very regular—I go once a week. Wednesday from three forty-five till six. I finished high school during these hours.

Then, too, there are other physical habits I occasionally have to take care of. If I have to get a haircut, I will sit under half an hour and grow my hair really long so that I'll get my wiggy's wash. I know up and squeeze and squeeze and squeeze it out. In half an hour I can get out a growth of hair or five inches.

We finish work around five thirty. I greatly enjoy the process of going home. I try to get home by as many means of transportation as possible. Coming to work I'm conservative. I'll take a New York subway that goes home by any means of transportation is a man's way of doing things. So I'll go back. I'll start out on a bicycle, then maybe hikebike a little bit or take the bus, then grab a piggyback ride on a rail, beautiful. Oh. One time I used twenty-eight different modes of transportation.

"I've got a book, *Cruel Shoes*, coming out. A lot of people can relate to it, especially Italians."

ties, including a scabrous roman tunic. I had a little stick with a flag attached to the end that I'd dangle in front of the tunic, and it would open and close so frantically, trying to grab the fly, that the risk of air would pop up in front.

When I got home, there's always a girl waiting for me. That's because a couple of years ago I gave the girl of the Month Club. The first one was a dollar. That's how they look you. They start slow, and I had to choose one. Then they've had to take whatever they said, and it's up to \$20 each—but you know how it is, you do it for the connection.

Sometimes I take these girls to parties, sometimes I put my with them at home. Right? Just one thing I'll never do is use another girl behind their back. I'm a conservative man.

Occasionally three weeks into one of these relationships, it starts to get serious, but I think that's just because I'm getting sentimental because a new one is about to come. I mean, I've never been tempted to join Marriage of the Month or anything.

If I have the energy after the day's work, I like to write prose. As a matter of fact, I've got a book called *Cruel Shoes* coming out in June. A lot of people can relate to that title, especially Italians. But I'm afraid that it might also offend a lot of people, so I'm writing another one now called *Wandering Shoes*. If you don't like one, you'll like the other. I figure that between the two of them, I will sell at least three million copies.

I wrote a long time to write a book. By the way, which is one of my new ideas back. I'll tell you a secret. I've found a way of speeding the process up. I've discovered that if you take the end of Polaroid film, the kind they encountered when you're up, and slap it against your forehead, you get no imprint of your animal image in polaroid form. So I thought up all the old stuff I could find, and now I take months and months of writing and compress it into seconds. Writing now for me is a snap.

Usually by midnight, the girl of the month and I are ready for bed. The problem is that sleep is such a confound for me, it often no sleep at all. In fact, I never work clothes to bed—and usually and an old work shirt with a v-neck—stretched on. A night is bed really knows me out. There are moments when I have to rush out to Palm Springs after a good night's sleep just to recover.

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Dubious Achievement Awards for March



COMING SOON: THE KIRLSASA BLUE JEAN
 New Jersey is marketing what the company calls "the very first jeans to have an even half in apple." The Nipple Jeans, which offers a look "100 provocative, no one would believe you're actually wearing a bra," is machine washable and costs \$30.



THANK YOU, VERN AND IRENE, NOW HERE'S COUPLE NUMBER TWO!
 Truman Capote told a reporter, "I sometimes think about all the dead people who would have loved [Shelby] Filly four. It's a shame they're not around—people like Truman Capote."



FUN COUPLE (HOOF-AND-MOUTH DIVISION)
 Food Allotment and Johnny Rotten

TWO ALL-PAPAYA, PATTIES, SPECIAL POI, MANGO, PALM FRONDS, ON A SESAME SEED COCONUT
 The chef of the Pacific Islands of Palau, Yanku Gekkon, has opened a restaurant called The Burger Man on the site of Koror. His menu, *Gloria: the Art of Palau*, is the menu.

MAY THE LORD BLESS YOU, KEEP YOU, AND DROP-KICK YOU STRAIGHT THROUGH THE GOALPOSTS OF LIFE
 Rev. John Macgregor, assistant pastor of the Church of the Resurrection, outside Pittsburgh, conducted mass on Super Bowl Sunday wearing a boxer boxer boxer.



SHOWN HERE: MODEL 88298, "THE TUTANKHAMEN HOOTER," LADIES' SIZES ONLY, NO RETURN
 According to the public relations release, New York plastic surgeon Stanley Yanku, who is a sculptor, creates wax casts of patients' faces before and after their operations. The sculpting takes less than thirty minutes and is included in the \$75 consultation visit.

NEW HOPE FOR DIVORCED MEN
 A judge in Santa Ana, California, ruled that Herbert Bitt, in a case for the last night, would, no longer had to make alimony payments to his ex-wife.

ON WALL STREET, THEY SIMPLY SHORT PORK BELLS
 Two people including an stockbroker, were arrested by Federal agents for selling cocaine on the floor of the Chicago options exchange.



WE SHALL BE MISSED
 A full collection by England's New Model Export named *Sol Venus: The World's Most Wonderful Woman Song*.



AND THANK YOU, TRUMAN AND TOULOUSE, NOW HERE'S COUPLE NUMBER THREE!

ALAS, POOR MELVIN OF BERNIE'S ESSO, WE KNEW HIM WELL
 Whittell Adams and Dado, Lawyer of Cheltenham, United, have created combinations that include coverage of a truck, a Jeep, and a motorcycle.

OR A TRAINING BRA
 Switch is answer a Bill Moyers question about the choice of his administration President Carter would make to deliver his policies. They said Carter on the plane "New Foundations." Sent a "Where Does Africa" the theme for Carter. "like a glow."

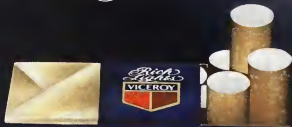
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